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MY PLACE IN THE SHADE

THEODORE SHARPE

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MY PLACE IN THE SHADE

AND

VARIOUS VERSE

BY

THEODORE SHARPE

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS

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July 1, 1930

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TO MY MOTHER
A CITIZEN OF THE COUNTRY OF LIFE
whose life of simple faith has been
the inspiration of many of
these verses

TO MY FATHER
A CITIZEN OF THE COUNTRY OF CANADA
whose long life of honest toil has taught me
in my noonday years the beauty
and dignity of labor

This volume of verse is most affectionately
DEDICATED

EXPLANATION

The author of these verses makes no pretence to pose as a poet, nor does he possess the audacity to designate these pages as poetry. The "highbrows" of poetry will find much to criticize and little to commend. Many of these verses have been given to the public and have been gladly welcomed by the common people who have expressed themselves that they have been helped by their reading. Now the author's philosophy of literature is the expression of helpfulness in simplicity of language. This is why another volume of verse is sent forth to run the gauntlet of the watchdogs and guardians of poesy.

Many readers will detect at once the spirit of preachment tagged to these verses. The author pleads guilty to the deliberate purpose of moralizing. May they survive the cudgels of the critic and scatter broadcast to the uttermost parts of the earth.

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MY PLACE IN THE SHADE

MY PLACE IN THE SHADE

There are folks who are quitters because they can't
lead,
When the army is marching to win,
And unless they are garbed in a general's array,
They drop out before they begin,
But they must be leaders and ride at the front,
And give all the orders in sight.
But all that I want is a place in the ranks,
And a chance to get into the fight.

And some would be kings on the purple draped
throne,
And live far away from the crowd;
They would walk in the splendor of regal domain,
Where the flattery of puppet is loud,
In the splendid seclusion and the solitude dim,
They would wrap up their souls in their cloaks.
But all that I want is to mix with the crowd,
And to walk down the street with the folks.

And others would ride in the very front ranks,
In the march of the world's great parade,
Where the bugles are sounding the hero's advance,
As he comes in his glory arrayed;
They won't march at all unless they can draw
The eyes and the cheers of the street.
But all that I want is the rear of the march,
And a chance to trudge through the heat.

So all that I ask as I tramp this old world,
Is a chance to get under its load,
To give it a boost up the hill to the top,

And to climb with the folks up the road.
I do not expect that the sun will bow down
To the fame of my job and my worth.
Let me do what I can with the best that I am,
In filling my corner on earth.

IF I WERE GOD

If I were God upon his throne of endless space and force,
I would not fan a dying star, nor change the comet's course;
The spots upon the solar sphere I would not brush away,
Nor sweep aside the star dust trail, nor count the worlds astray.

If I were God with wisdom, working out creation's law of plan,
I would not seed the desert waste with food for beast and man,
I would not breathe the summer winds upon the Northern snows,
Nor quiet wrecking storms at sea, nor soothe the ocean's blows.

If I were God with open mind that sees beyond to-morrow,
I would not turn aside the flood that scatters death and sorrow,
I would not stop the sweep of plague with famine in its wake,
Nor smother out the raging flame, nor still the earth's wild quake.

If I were God I would not swing the butcher's
bloody sword,
Nor bring the judgments fierce and cruel on those
who curse "My Lord,"
I would not at a single stroke strike down the sin
and shame,
Nor tame the tiger tongue of folks who foul his fair
good name.

If I were God I would not block the path of greedy
warring men,
I would not stem war's slaughter, nor mend peace's
broken pen,
I would not take the wealth of man and strip the
spoiler's head,
And share it with the orphan child or those who cry
for bread.

If I were God I'd make men's eye see souls instead
of skin,
That black folks had the soul of God that thrilled
with love within,
I'd give all folks the gift of speech to speak the
human heart,
And understand the language plain upon the spirit's
chart.

If I were God I'd melt away the icy heart of man—
—Those greedy, selfish, wolfish hearts who see but
just their plan.
I'd take those spirits cruel and cold and sweeten all
within,
I'd show that hating brother's face was unforgiven
sin.

If I were God I'd crown each toiler's humble, patient task
With the halo of true brotherhood that shines through man-made mask;
I'd give them all the vision of true labor on the throne,
And teach them that the world was his who hews the heavy stone.

If I were God I'd blot away man's manufactured creed,
And substitute for printed book the golden rule of need;
I'd paint upon the morning sky the crown above the cross,
And teach that man will find his soul in common things and loss.

If God would let me take his place just for a single day,
I'd introduce and teach mankind the gospel of fair play,
Then all the walls of creed and hate would fall to rise no more;
And God could settle down in peace, His troubles would be o'er.

THE OLD PACK HORSE

My memory trails to glory,
To the years that wander back,
When I packed my ancient saddle
And tightened up the slack.
When I packed my bag and baggage
On my faithful old gray nag,
When the distant hills came calling,
"Follow me with pack and rag."
When I shouldered all my happiness
And left my cares behind,
To trail the haunts of mountain brow
Where dwelt my spirit kind.
Then the sky blued all the deeper,
And the air was filled with song,
As I journeyed o'er the long trails,
To the hills where spirits throng.

When my shoulders seemed to stagger
From the burdens I must bear,
When my heart was almost breaking
From my sorrow and my care;
Then my fingers gently wandered
Up and down his old gray nose,
As I whispered softly to him,
"We will go where river flows."
So we left the crowded city,
With its coldness and its strife,
And followed to the mountains,
Where we found new strength of life.

I can see him as he journeys,
With his heavy loaded pack,
Up the twisting, trailing mountains,
And never looking back.
I can see his old gray shoulders
As he forges straight ahead,
Through the rivers and the valleys,
To the mountains royal spread.
I can see him fording rapids,
And splashing pebbly streams,
Where the summits call to action,
And the mountain depths to dreams.

I can see his homely features,
As he plunged through misting rain,
As he scrambled through the chasms,
That seemed to moan with pain.
His gait was far from graceful
As he climbed sheer up a wall,
Where the precipice ran narrow
And the strength of man was small.
But he never made a falter,
And he never lost his way,
As he bore my burdens upward,
Where the mountains call to pray.

Where the rivers gleamed like silver,
Through the valleys deep and long,
Where the trees were filled with sunshine,
And melodious with song.
Where the silence seemed as holy
As my mother's kneeling shrine,
Where the sweep of mountain breezes

Was a draught of heaven's wine,
Where the sky stretched straight and
upward,
Through the deeps of royal blue;
There the old pack horse would bear
me
To the mountains, fond and true.

There the shadows of the evening,
Creeping out like lonely ghosts,
Would be shot with rays of sunlight
Which would herald brighter hosts;
There the fears that made me lone-
some,
And the griefs for friends long dead,
Would take the wings of glory,
Leave a blessing on my head.
There the weakness of the body
And the error of the soul
Would be swallowed in God's mercy;
I had paid the climber's toll.

And when my heart is hearing
The last great call of all,
When through the changing vision,
Stand forth God's mountains tall,
When I go forth to journey
To the heights that know no lie,
Where the peace of God abideth,
And the storms of time pass by;
May I follow just as safely
In the path of God's Good Guide,
To the last great climb to glory,
When I gain His Mountain Side.

MY FAIREST SCENE

What is the loveliest scene to me?
The setting sun on the western sea.

A mountain lake that smiles at skies,
Is the glow of love in the Father's eyes.

A prairie decked in Springtime flowers,
Is the Garden of God with the golden showers.

A mountain stream with its marbled spray,
Is the Pearly Street where the children play.

The apple trees with their blossoms white,
Is the Home of God where there is no night.

But the setting sun on the western sea,
Is the call of God when He comes for me.

HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN

With wisdom the Master unfolded the laws,
Concerning His kingdom, God's folks and their cause.
"Let mercy adorn your trading in mart,"
"Forgive the transgressor who stabs at your heart,"
"Deal justly and kindly with the creditor's debt,"
"My gospel is simple, Forgive and forget,"
"Judge not the fallen; if the truth be but known,"
"Your sepulchred soul may be bleached a white bone";
"My kingdom is his who will follow my Word,"
"Not to him who is saying, 'My Lord and My Lord.'"

In His presence a creature the Pharisees dragged,
Folding their robes as their virtues they bragged.
And they spoke as she crouched face down in the dust,
"Lord, she's so shameless, a servant of lust."
"As the prophets of God and His servants of old"
"We demand she be punished as Moses foretold";
"Lord, we are shocked, our faces can't rise,"
"That her sins should be seen by our virtuous eyes";
"A harlot is stoned, thus saith our laws,"
"Here are the stones, Lord, why do you pause?"

With shame in His face the Master stooped low,
And wrote in the dust, "My God, what a blow,"
"When creatures once born in the image of Thee"
"Should descend to such depths in depravity's sea."

"My Father, I'm shamed to look in their face,"
"Their manhood is dead, no soul can I trace."
"And these are Thy teachers, Thy shepherds of sheep,"
"These are Thy trumpets calling souls from their sleep."
"God, what a burden, what a cross I must bear"
"To live as a man, in breathing their air."

With firmness of face the Master stood straight,
And spoke out His heart with truth and with weight;
"That man who has not been her partner in shame,"
"That man who has not helped destroy her good name,"
"That man who has not bot her body for hire,"
"That man who has not dragged her deeper in mire,"
"Let him cast the first stone at this innocent prey,"
"Let him be her judge"; but the scribes slunk away.

With a smile on His face the Lord turned about,
"Thine accusers have fled, thou art free to go out,"
"I do not condemn thee, thou art not to blame,"
"Though custom may brand thee a creature of shame."
"Thou art not a harlot, nor hast thou loved wrong,"
"Thou art holy and righteous when seen with this throng."
"Not a prostitute brazen, but a victim of lust,"
"Of that system that crushes weak woman to dust."
"My sister, go home, thou hast nothing to fear,"
"The Christ is your judge, your Brother is here."

ETERNITY

Within a hospital's dimly lighted ward,
Wracked in pain as though some ragged sword
Were piercing through him; a furnace flaming in
his head,
A patient, feverish, tossed upon his bed.
Impatient, fretful, longed he for the dawn,
In hopes his pangs might lessen, or perhaps be gone.
Intensely conscious of the present and the past,
He whispered low to his soft-treading nurse,
"How much more time must I endure this curse?"
"What hour is the clock? Is that the morning
light?"
The nurse replied, "What time? 'Tis scarcely yet
midnight."

So conscious of his pain that all he felt was pain,
So dragged the sense of time until he called again,
"The night is gone; hoist up the shades; let in the
morning light."
The nurse replied again, "What time? It's now
midnight."

Two lovers sat beside the heaving, boundless sea,
And told the world-old tale, yet new to you and
me;
Absorbed in love's sweet song, lost sense of time and
space,
Just conscious of a light that flashed from soul to
face.

The world of sound was gone, that roared on sea and land,
Love only heard love's voice, through eye and pressing hand.
The noisy world blurred low, then disappeared from view;
Lost in each other's love, another world they knew.
When suddenly the low descending sun,
Brought back the sense of time, the day was done.
Then whispered they, "Can it be true the night is near?"
"Where is the day that's gone? It seemed a moment, dear."

Where was their world of space, the hours that marked their time?
Lost in the consciousness of Love, eternal and sublime.
Eternity bloomed fair when Love absorbed their hearts;
To them there was no time, God showed them Heaven's charts.

MY HEAVENLY JOB

What is your expectation?
If you reach God's destination,
Do you expect a cushioned seat beneath
His royal blue,
Where you may idly rest
And laugh at tale and jest,
And lounge and sleep and twirl your
thumbs without a job in view?

What is your one desire?
If you reach the Kingdom higher,
Do you desire a golden harp and join the
seraph band,
And thrum the strings,
While chorus sings,
And clap your hands at tenor songs around
the choir stand?

Now what do I expect,
With God's chosen and select?
A job to build the plans of God to make
my star and sun,
Where I may work my best,
Without a thought of rest;
Where I may toil for evermore and never
hear, "It's done."

Now why should folks object,
When God and Heaven expect,
That every soul must learn his job to
build his house above.
Then let me learn my trade,
By pen or ship or spade,
That I may build the better on my Father's
hills of love.

MY MORNING PRAYER

This is my daily morning prayer
To Him who gives the daylight fair:
O, grant Thy sunshine I may drink;
Deep in my lungs Thy air may sink.

May I be never found in bed
When birds are singing overhead;
Teach me to rise without the clock,
And may I early take my walk.

Teach me to love my morning tub,
In waters cold to splash and rub;
O, grant my Turkish towel may flood
Its virtues through my soul and blood.

Teach me, O Lord, to never fail,
To drink deep draughts of Adam's ale;
And may I slowly eat my food
With cheerful thoughts and friendly mood.

Teach me that if I love my health,
I'll grow in wisdom, strength and wealth.
Dear Lord, I start my morning right,
That eventide be clear and bright.

SHALLOWS

As one who writes his name upon the sands,
When ebbing tide flows far from where he stands;
Who thinks his name will last forevermore;
And pilgrims read his writing on the shore.
So foolish is the soul that builds on self,
Thinking that endurance rests on pelf;
God's flooding tides will in their shallows pour;
Then where are they who wrote upon the shore?

BOSOMS

Like a stream that is born midst the hills and the snows,
That widens and deepens as seaward it flows,
Till it bears on its bosom the ships of the sea,
And is lost in the waters so boundless and free.

So the soul that is born in the pain of the cross,
Will broaden and strengthen through sorrow and loss,
And gathering lost souls on their bosoms of love,
Will bear them to God in His kingdom above.

THE VERSE MAKER

"Clatter," "Clatter," "Noisy birds,"
"With your silly prattle";
"Chatter," "Chatter," "Drown my words,"
"With your senseless rattle."

"Matter," "Matter," "I need words,"
"For my rhyme and meter";
"Scatter," "Scatter," "Noisy birds,"
"Else my verse will peter."

DEAD MAN'S HOLLOW

On San Francisco's waterfront, where the ships go sailing out,
The wrangling flocks of seagulls dip, and scream and swerve about,
And there they fly above the decks, or float on top the tide;
Upon the piers and docks they perch along the harborside.

And there they spy for scraps of food with wolfish, greedy eyes,
And swoop to seize their floating prey, as a falcon from the skies;
Then in a thrice they choke it down, and soar again on high,
To wait with spreading wings in poise more garbage swimming by.

On San Francisco's harborside, as I was sitting there,
And watching keen those scavengers go swooping through the air,
And swallowing down their throats of greed the scraps I threw to sea;
I chanced to see a sailorman, and he was watching me.

And then outspoke that sailorman, "I beg your pardon, sir,"
"That I should speak a stranger man, but strange things oft occur";
"For when I see those greedy gulls go screaming for their prey,"
"It minds me much that all are gone of the crew of the good 'Queen May.' "

So then spoke I, "Sit down, sit down. Tell me this truthful tale,"
"How the good 'Queen May' went to her doom down in that fearful gale."
And the old sea salt with haunted eyes, that held me like a spell,
Spoke out his tale with a strangled voice like a man come back from hell.

"On board the good 'Queen May' I shipped, where I was second mate";
"On a Friday morning, sir, it was, when we passed the Golden Gate."
" 'I do not like those northern clouds,' the captain said to me";
" 'If I do know the skies at all we'll have a blowin' sea.' "

"Aye, she could sail, the good 'Queen May,' when
all her sails were spread,"
"The swiftest ship of all the seas, but now, alas,
she's dead,"
"And all her crew that sailed that day now hear
old Neptune's bell,"
"For I alone was saved the wreck; aye, sir, I've
been in hell."

"Well, up the coast against a gale that blew like
'round the Horn,"
"She soared aloft like some white cloud adown a
windy morn";
"With all her shimmering shrouds and spars when
she went down to dip"
"The pride she was of all the crew, aye, she was a
handsome ship."

"So sped we swift to Columbia's bar, the waves
were mountain running,"
"The seas were shipping fore and aft, the gale with
fury stunning";
" 'Where's North Head light,' the captain roared;
'Port, port,' rang through his hands;
" 'God help us all if we do strike the Peacock's
shifting sands.' "

" 'If we have missed the course tonight, our port
we will not see,' "
" 'For the good "Queen May" will founder here,
where many a wreck there be,' "
" 'And all the sweeping winds and waves, and all
the tides that follow,' "
" 'Will tow the corpse of every man into the Dead
Man's Hollow.' "

"Ah, we did shake from toe to head, as shook the good 'Queen May' ";
"For well we knew the tales we'd heard from sailors 'round the Bay."
"For there all corpses, clammy, dead, were swept by tide and tow,"
"And bleaching lay for seagulls' prey in many and many a row."

"Just then on Peacock Spit she struck; sharp snapped the sandbar's jaws";
"The gale was blowin' ninety miles, her masts swept down like straws";
"A monstrous sea struck her midships. Ah, sir, I knew no more,"
"Until I found myself half dead upon a storm-swept shore."

"Aye, sir, I was in Dead Man's Hollow, the tide had thrown me high,"
"And left me on that wreck strewn shore with battered breath to die";
"And as I raised a fearful eye I heard a ghoulish screech,"
"And there great hordes of seagulls fought, close by me on the beach."

"Then horror shook me through and through, as if a ghost I'd seen,"
"For well I knew why seagulls scream on shores where bones are lean";
"Ah, some poor sailor of the seas swept in when the tide was flood,"
"Had left his corpse for these ghouls to feast, and the sands to bleach his blood."

"But shrieked I soon, 'Away, away, you vultures of the sea,' "
" 'You will not pick my bones to-day, you shan't devour me' ";
"And then those startled seagulls swerved, their prey was left exposed,"
"With a fearful groan I swooned away as one whose life has closed."

"Well, next I knew, the lighthouse man was bending over me";
"On the rocks below he had seen me cast, by the tide and the swelling sea."
"How did I reach the North Head Light? Well, sir, I do not know";
"From Dead Man's Hollow I escaped where all the dead men flow."

"What were those seagulls feasting on? Ah, many the sights I've seen,"
"But none like that in Dead Man's Bay where the vultures picked bones clean";
"And I did never see again the crew of the good 'Queen May,' "
"For all save me, from the captain down, lay a corpse for the seagulls' prey."

"And over all the seas I sail, and all the ports I reach,"
"I can hear the screech of the seagull horde as they feed on Dead Man's beach";
"So when I see those scavengers gulp down their garbage prey,"
"It minds me much of the hell I saw when washed to that fearful bay."

On San Francisco's waterfront where the old salt
spun his tale,
A vow I swore that evermore, and that I would not
fail,
To lend a hand to the lonely folks whose seas are
swept by storm,
And save their souls from the human gulls who wait
to strike and swarm.

THE TALE OF THE TOILER

Hear now the tale of the toiler with his face to his setting sun,
Ascending on high to his Master to receive His welcome, "Well Done";
Wrecked by the lords of labor, damned by the parson's speech,
Cursed by the creeds and their puppets; bled by the soulless leech.

I was spawned where the slums are breeding the harlot, the drunken and fools,
What did I know of my childhood in the midst of incestuous pools;
Roaming the streets and the alleys, sleeping in gutters and docks,
Chased by the law and their slavemen, the breed of the Court that walks.
Sent to the dens of the convict, mingling in vice and its shame,
Hardened by stripes and the jacket, forgetting my face and my name.
Back to the shops of the sweater, breathing its germs of disease,
Making the profits that Dives might gloat in his riotous ease.
And now I am broken and dying, shunned as a leper of old;
But going up home to my Master to work in His city of gold.

I have slaved in the fiery furnace where the flames
were a vomiting hell,
Hearing the shriek of my brother, trapped in his
molten cell;
Pouring the liquid metal, burning me through to the
bone,
Hammering the steel in its whiteness, strangling
my faintness and groan.
Slinking away like a convict to a home that dis-
graces a den,
A hole in the tenement alley, huddling like beasts
in a pen.
Breaking my body misshapen, twisting and scarring
my soul,
Making the millions for Profit; my wage, a pitiful
toll.
Sapping my strength for System; discharged when
they bled me dry;
But—going to tell my Master where Industry can-
not lie.

I have squandered my strength and my manhood
in the cup and the harlot's lair;
Seeking to drown my sorrow, just to forget my
despair;
Wasted my soul by my sinning, swinging the doors
of shame,
No other welcome and greeting for me with the
toiler's name;
Locked were the doors of my masters, marked with
the supercaste,
High were the walls of the churches, strong were
the doctrines that blast.

Longing for brother and sister, searching the streets
at night,
Finding the open doorway red with its welcome
light,
Craving and starving for friendship, followed the
halls of hell;
But—the Master is calling, "Brother, 'tis the twi-
light and evening bell."

This is the tale of the toiler who had found his
hell on earth,
Damned by the System of Profit, marked as a slave
from his birth;
Crushed by the curse of the ages, under the Jug-
gernaut wheel,
Man, the exploited and broken, forced by the mas-
ters to kneel.
This is the law of the Master who knows and who
understands,
The heart of the honest toiler who slaved with his
willing hands;
Knowing the hell he has suffered from the greed
and creed of man,
Will make him a saint and a servant, working with
God in his plan.

TO ARMS

The streets were ringing wild with war's alarms;
The herald's voice rang shrill, "TO ARMS, TO ARMS."

The maiden Spring was blushing at her charms;
Cute Cupid's voice sang soft, "To arms, to arms."

RHYMES FOR SALE

I've never sold a foot of verse,
I've never felt such pleasure;
But should my rhymes enrich my purse,
I'll give good "Measure for Measure."

A DIVINE DECREE

Now hear ye the tale of the Owner of Things who
heard from His topmost throne,
The wailing prayers of the working clan, "Oh,
Lord, give us back our own."
"Grant us our freedom from burning the bricks,
from the mark of the sweating soil."
"Divide the wealth of creation, Lord, give us our
share of the spoil."

"We are weary with working for masters; let us
live in Lord Dives house,"
"That our souls may be fat and contented, for now
they are lean like a louse."
"The rich man strip of his garments, give us his
velvet and silk";
"There's abundance of wealth in creation, what
need of the workingman's ilk."

So the Owner of Things descended, and called from
the ends of the earth,
The peoples who toiled and sweated, where hunger
was starving their mirth;
And they came from the mines and the furnace, the
shop and the schools and the soil,
From the woods and the ships and cities, those who
were cursing their toil.

And the Owner said, "I will tell you, let every man
now have his share"
"Of the wealth and the leisure and pleasure, let
no man have burdens to bear,"

"The poor shall live in a mansion, the rich shall dwell in the same,"
"And all shall be equal together in riches and power and name."

"The strong shall divide with the weaker, of his treasures in forests and lands,"
"So no one shall toil for his living, so no one shall work with his hands."
"Now this is my law of redemption from hunger and struggle and need,"
"Ye shall share alike in creation, this your Lord God hath decreed."

Then the Lord God said to his people, "I will now get me up on high,"
"I have solved man's problems and worries, they will neither now steal nor lie."
"I have granted your prayers and desires, I have given each man his share,"
"Let us see if you'll live like brothers, and your world have freedom from care."

But ere to His throne He ascended, the heavens were shaking with sound,
Countless wailings and pleadings, complaints soared up from the ground.
And the Owner said to His angel, "Have I not settled all wrong,"
"Why are my ears bombarded, what's wrong with that workingman's throng?"

Strong voices were shouting, "Have mercy, Lord, pull us out of this slime,"

"It's hell for a man with his leisure with nothing
to kill but time."
"When we sweated with pick and the shovel we
gained the respect of men,"
"Take back your accursed money and give us our
jobs again."

And the heavens were filled with the shriekings,
"Lord God, my brother's a thief,"
"The clever has cornered the market, the simple
must have relief."
"Those who were rich are richer; once we deemed
the division fair";
"Those who were poor are wiser, Lord, give us
back our share."

And the skies went rolling with echoes, "What fools
we mortals be,"
"When we thought that a voice from heaven could
set the workman free,"
"We are deeper in shame and the mire, we are
sadder and poorer in wealth,"
"Lord, send us back to our work shops, our pov-
erty, happiness, health."

And so the Lord God who is Owner gave back
to the sons of toil
The sweat of the spade and the shovel, the mark
of the furnace and soil.
And He uttered these words of wisdom as the peo-
ple went back to the dust,
"Who lives on another man's earnings reaps mis-
ery, shame, and lust."

FINDING OLD FRIENDS

'Twas a shelf of books in a side street shop, that
were dusty and old and worn,
And as I fingered those volumes quaint I was gay
as in Youth's bright morn;
For I found old friends of my boyhood's days
whom I'd lost in my manhood's years,
And I laughed and I cried as I fondled my friends,
and I smiled through my memory's tears.

And my childhood days came back again, once more
I was sailing the sea,
As my hero was roaming the wide, wide world and
was bringing his treasures to me;
My age was slipping away from me, and my boyhood
came back again,
As I greeted my friends in the old book shop, as
though parted we had never been.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM

Dreaming sailor saw the old world,
Disappear from view;
Saw the burning stars and planets;
Bigger worlds and new.

Gazed with wonder on the cities,
Boulevards of gold;
Fertile fields and orchards blooming,
Mountains broad and bold.

Mighty plains and stretching highways,
Travellers all on foot,
Pilgrims crossing dusty deserts,
Skies of smoky soot.

Saw no sign of heaving billows,
Not a ship at sea,
Not a zephyr blowing shoreward,
Not an island tree.

"Not a sea up in the new world,"
"This is hell for me."
Waking sailor thanked his Father,
"Glad I'm on Thy sea."

CUPID'S FORESIGHT

Hear now the sage,
"Man's love is blind";
"Sees but the form"
"Of woman kind."

"Sees golden hair,"
"The pearly ear,"
"The flashing eyes,"
"Where smiles appear,"
"The dimpled chin,"
"The fairy nose,"
"The blushing cheeks,"
"Red like the rose."

Thus saith the books,
On page and chart;
"Man's sight is poor,
"From Cupid's dart."

What fools they be;
Man's love can look,
Through safes and vaults,
To banking book.

And when Love joins
The Mart to Miss,
Man's found the charm,
To wedded bliss.

A PERSONAL AFFAIR

Said the Galilean Workman on His throne high on
the hills,
"Let us speak the winnowing judgment, let us start
the grinding mills";
"We will set the stakes and boundaries for the
goats and for the sheep,"
"Lest that man may have forgotten, let us shake
him from his sleep."

Then Gabriel's cornet sounded from the Throne
to Farthest Gloom,
Shook the souls from out the dust heap, summoned
man to hear his doom.
"The Books will now be opened, hidden lives will
be revealed,"
"It's the final Court of Record; its decisions not
appealed."

Said the Judge unto a churchman, "I have some-
thing now to say,"
"It's a personal matter with me, this your final
judgment day";
"Listen to the reasons that I bring before your
face,"
"Why you must roam in darkness where the souls
are lost in space."

"I was hungry, starving, dying, and I begged a bite
of bread,"
"Begone you lazy beggar, heaped your curses on my
my head."

"I was thirsting in my faintness, and I asked the cooling cup,"
"You kicked me from your doorway as you would some thieving pup."

"I was naked, cold and feverish, and begged your cast-off rags,"
"You were worshipping your idols as you clutched your money bags."
"I was a wandering stranger; on the highways had been thrown,"
"You slammed that mirrored doorway as you shouted, 'It's my own.' "

"I was cast into the prison through the injustice of caste law,"
"You were busy in my sorrow choking profit down your craw."
"I was sick and poor and helpless, needing friendship, nothing more";
"But your eyes were looking skyward when you passed my open door."

Then the churchman clad in morals muttered, "It's a lie,"
"Never turned you from my doorway as you went begging by,"
"Never cup of cooling water did I my Lord refuse,"
"When did I the Son of Heaven insult and abuse?"

"Never once did you come naked, begging for my cast off clothes,"
"When were you so sick in prison; when were you stripped by your foes?"

"Surely, you're mistaken, Master; hear me say my creed,"
"What has this to do with judgment; all this want and human need."

Said the Judge with wisdom's bearing, "Have you never read the Word,"
"When you shut your ears to mercy you have stabbed the Living Lord."
"Since you would not feed My hungry, since their wounds you would not see,"
"You have sinned the sin of ages, you have done it unto Me."

Said the Master to the Gentile who was crouching low with fear,
Whom the churchman spurned in horror, scorned his hopes with bitter sneer,
"You have won my widest kingdom, you shall rule my highest throne,"
"You befriended me so lowly, homesick, stranger, all alone.

"I was starving midst of plenty, when you shared with me your crust,"
"Cooled my parching lips with water when I fainted in the dust,"
"Naked, sick and sad you found me, stripped the clothes from off your back,"
"Took me to your homely dwelling, watched my soul come from the wrack."

Then the Gentile gazed in wonder when he heard the Master speak;

"Lord, did I this friendship give You; You the strong and I the weak,"
"Thought it just a fallen brother, blackman, drunken and debased,"
"Surely, Lord, you are mistaken, have you not the man misplaced."

Said the Judge with brother's greeting, "When you helped that fallen man"
"You were worshipping the Father, you were carrying out His plan,"
"When you lost yourself in service your soul was found again,"
"For you did it to the Father when you did it unto men."

So the churchman who depended on his creed to gain his throne,
Was condemned to outer darkness where selfishness has flown.
While the Gentile found his kingdom by the royal road of love;
For when you feed the hungry you have built your home above.

THE RACE OF LIFE

Head and Heart once ran a race,
Heart got the start and set the pace;
Running blindly, lost his way,
Floundered deeper, went astray.

Head ran on and took the lead,
Running slowly, taking heed;
Careful of his hesitation,
Lost his way and destination.

Heart and Head set out again,
Wiser in the ways of men.
"To reach our goal we'll stick together,"
"We'll bind our limbs with wisdom's tether."

THE STRAITS OF DOVER

A winsome lass sang on her way,
And wandered like a rover;
O'er hills and dales where violets play,
Through fields knee deep in clover;
Until she came to waters blue,
It was the Straits of Dover.
"I wish I had a lover true;
"Now, who will row me over?"

A handsome lad that summer day,
Was harvesting his clover;
And chanced to stroll along that way,
Sun kissed like some sea rover;
He heard the maiden softly sigh,
"Oh, for a boatman lover."
The youth replied with sparkling eye,
"I will row you over."

A winsome lass and handsome lad,
Rowed o'er the Straits of Dover;
The youth was whistling loud and glad,
The maid as red as clover;
Too soon they reached the other side,
The maiden sighed, "It's over."
"I'll kiss you now," the youth replied;
"I am now your lover."

A GENTLEMAN OF THE SEA

On Captain Neptune's lithe greyhound when the tide was running flood,
Through the Bay and the Golden Gate we sailed with the sea tang in our blood;
And the ocean gripped us fast and strong, and the spray sped swift to shore,
As out through the troughs of mountain waves our liner raced and tore.

And the crowds along the waterfront, when she would anchor there,
Would swear by all their temple gods, through weather foul or fair,
That she could show the swiftest heels against the wind or tide,
Than any ship that ever sailed from Frisco's harborside.

And every captain up the coast from San Pedro to the Sound,
Had followed in the wake of her that ran like sleek greyhound.
"Aye, she was fast, and she could sail, though a ship of monstrous size,"
"And swept the stormy seas along like a bird that wings the skies."

Now Captain Neptune's custom was, when his ship was on the fly,
To greet all vessels on the sail, and those who just stood by;

And he would blow a loud salute, when his course
lay 'cross a ship,
And doff his cap to the sailorman, and his flag went
down to dip.

"For all the folks who man the boats are close to
me of kin,
"And I can see no difference there, no matter breed
or skin;
"So when I chance to cross some crew when scud-
ding through the breeze,
"Though I command the finest deck, I'll speak my
courtesies."

And as we skipped and swept the waves as a sea-
gull mounts the gale,
There chanced to cross our ocean path a ship with
battered sail,
A tramp windjammer from the Sound, and manned
by Japanese,
A coastwise schooner loaded deep, and swept by
flooding seas.

But the sailormen who manned her deck, although
she sailed so slow,
Held high her headway to her course, but staggered
with each blow;
And when she shipped a rolling sea, and she would
bend her mast,
The passengers and crew would cry, "Aye, there
she's gone at last."

And there I couldn't fail to see this strange contrasted scene,
Two ships were sailing through the storm, and one was broken, lean,
And ever seemed those storming seas would swallow her to death;
While the mammoth ship on which we sailed skipped through with easy breath.

Said Captain Neptune to his mate, "A plucky crew they be";
"For they do hold her head on high against that breaking sea,"
"And though I think they do not need my ship longside to lay,"
"I'll speak to them a word of cheer, and God speed them on their way."

And then the siren sounded shrill with a blast that shook the sky,
And loud spoke Captain Neptune as he slowed up sailing by,
"How goes it, brother shipmates? it's good to meet a crew,
"Who sail their ship in a blowing gale and hold her headway true."

"And can I help you this or that? Will I stand to and wait?"
"And can you make home port again through Frisco's Golden Gate?"
"And if you think the gale will wreck I'll throw a line aboard,"

"For you must not go down below to Davy Jones' hoard."

And then the faces of the crew, when spoke the captain's word,
Outbroke in smiles that cheered the eyes as if good news they'd heard.
And one spoke out in English tongue which he'd learned in foreign port,
—The language of the sailorman in ships of every sort.

"Your greeting and your courtesy this schooner's crew has cheered,
"Distress's flag we thought we'd hoist, but now no danger's feared,
"The sweeping waves on fore and aft we will not mind no more,
"For a brother's voice has greeted us, we'll sing our way to shore."

I saw the schooner slip behind, the crew stood up and straight,
Our captain shouted, "See you soon ashore in the Golden Gate."
And the last we saw of ship and crew when we had said good-bye.
Were their waving hands and a flag full blown which they had hoisted high.

And all the days that come and go, and all the years that've flown,
Have never dimmed the truth I learned when on that sea, storm blown;

For I have never met the man more perfect in the art,
Of putting courage into folks than Captain Neptune's heart.

And all the struggling folks I meet when they go limping by,
I speak a word of cheer to them before they pass and die;
And all the joys of coming years, and all my heaven beyond,
Will be to meet the folks I've helped when deep in dark despond.

MY RESTING PLACE

When I shall die,
Oh, let me lie
Upon the mountain's brow;
Close up to God,
When He turns the sod,
To herald the endless Now.

Then let me sleep,
Where the soft winds creep,
To embrace the summits and sky;
So when I wake,
In the Morn's first break,
I'm close to my Home on High.

So let me rest,
On the mountain's breast,
Far from the noise and strife;
So when He calls
From marble walls,
I shall hear His call to Life.

My sleep shall be sweet,
For I know I shall greet,
When I rise from the grave and its chills;
My Father of Love,
Ruling kingdoms above,
From His throne on the brow of His hills.

THE BOASTER'S STOOL

At the height of Athens' fame, when her poets were aflame,
When wise old Socrates was teaching school,
Down near the sea girt cove was a sheltering shady grove,
And was known throughout the land as Boaster's Stool.
Here the sitters from the street and the idling loafing feet,
Would assemble at the rising of the sun,
And fill the day with speech, with harangue, and gesture, screech,
And boast of all the wonders they had done.

One morn when talk was loud from the noisy bragging crowd,
Four youths with haughty looks came strutting in;
There was one of Spartan stock, there was one of Theban walk,
And the tall one had the clear Corinthian skin,
While the one with head held high, haughty eyes fixed on the sky,
Was born and bred a straight Megarian son.
Each one had won his crown from their rivals in his town,
And so they came to Athens to boast of glory won.

In a voice that thundered, shook, the Spartan youth screamed, "Look,"
"I am the one to whom all heroes pray,"
"For I can stand upon one leg on the edge of any keg,"

"And keep a steady balance all the day."
"In perfect grace and poise, midst the clamor and the noise,"
"I can sleep without the blinking of an eye."
"I have never been surpassed, all my rivals are outclassed,"
"My fame is written high upon the sky."

Then the Theban strutted out with a haughty look and shout,
"I know my fame has reached you long ago";
"Let me state again in short what is now the world's report,"
"I'm the hardest, swiftest kicker with the toe,"
"I've developed such a skill by my patience and my will,"
"That my blows will lift strong mortals off the earth,"
"I'm the wonder of the age, my fame is all the rage,"
"And you've never seen my equal since your birth."

The Corinthian like a hound was leaping on the ground,
"Behold in me the gods' supreme delight,"
"My fame has travelled far, I'm the world's one brilliant star,"
"I've won my crown for seeing things at night."
"I can follow owls and bats, I can see things like the rats,"
"I can travel through the darkness like a mouse";
"I've trained my eyes so well that my deeds hold all in spell";
"I dwell alone in fame's eternal house."

The Megarian strode in pride through the clamoring
crowd, and cried,
"You've seen the first and last of heroes born,"
"You must shade your humble eyes, from the foolish
to the wise,"
"I've trained my mouth to outblow any horn";
"All the home folks were so jealous at my nightly
drill so zealous,
"That they sought to have me banished far from
Greece,"
"But their eyes soon opened wide with wonderment
and pride";
"And now my niche is higher than Jason and his
Fleece."

Now Socrates the wise, who observed with mind and
eyes,
Was strolling slowly past the Boaster's Stool.
This screeching, noisy rabble with their bragging,
boasting babble,
Had for many days disturbed him in his school.
"It will be but little trouble to explode this windy
bubble,"
"I'm sick of all their empty-headed bray."
So he spat out in disgust, with his sandal stirred the
dust,
And this is what the braggarts heard him say.

"The silliest goose on earth from the moment of
his birth,"
"Can stand all day upon a single toe";
"The laziest, leanest mule without exception to the
rule,"

"Will astonish any mortal with his blow";
"An old tomcat at night prowling out with half a sight,"
"Will see more things than any fool that's born";
"That braying, old jackass feeding on the public grass,"
"Will outblow any braggart's tooting horn."

Now Socrates's shrewd wit made a most tremendous hit
With many of the sitters from the street;
It was like a dagger point piercing through them to the joint,
And it cut clear through the home of their conceit.
It was a mirror's light giving them the second sight,
And they saw what they had never seen before.
Then they laughed and then they cheered, then they mocked and then they jeered,
And then they lifted high the boasting four.

"Let us move a vote of thanks for these fools and boasting cranks,"
"And have some resolutions passed and booked";
"We owe these fools a debt, and one we can't forget,"
"They have painted us exactly as we looked."
"We never knew before until we heard these four,"
"That the boaster and the fool was on a par";
"For sometimes it's an ass that leads us to the glass,"
"Where we see ourselves exactly as we are."

Then these youths looked down in shame, and forgot
their lust for fame,
And each resolved to turn his strength to good.
One cleared the highway road from the robber's
dark abode,
And one along the desert way sowed fruitful food,
And one dug deep a well covered o'er like restful
cell,
And one kept watch for wounded, weary cries.
So when these youths passed on to the bright eternal
dawn,
Their fame had gone before them to the skies.

THE CRY OF THE SLAVE CHILD

Men shriek at the ancient altars where Moloch belched his jaw,
Who devoured the little children to appease his bloody maw,
Where the babes of barbarous Carthage were sacrificed for greed,
And the screams of the dying victims were drowned in priestly creed.

But my cry is of living people, who shout with the braggart's boast,
That their land is gospeled and Christian from city to country and coast,
Where the drawl of the hired parson and the ranter in Congress Halls,
But mock the voice of the Master, and drown my childish calls.

Now Industry's temples are greedy, and Mammon's cruel jaws must be fed,
And the god of the Dividend worshipped, and the altar of Capital spread.
The priests of Small Trade and Big Business from god Profit must not be barred,
So my little brothers and sisters are sacrificed, broken and marred.

I winnow the coal in the breakers with fingers bloody and torn,
In the chill of the darkened morning soon after the day I am born,

In the blinding dust of the coal chute I crouch like a hopeless slave,
Sometimes I am crushed and mangled; thank God for a restful grave.

I am fed to the mills of the southland, where chivalry dwells but a dream;
Half dressed, unwashed and hungry I hear the whistles scream;
I am scarred by the speeding shuttles, the "spinners" and "doffers" die young;
I envy the slave of the heathen, and I'm the child of the white man's tongue.

I am gorging the canneries, bellies where my childhood chokes and pants,
I work for twenty long hours till I fall in the "labor-trance,"
The gourmand must feast and riot, no matter at whose expense,
I have ruined my childhood's glory, but I've earned my forty cents.

Now Luxury must be worshipped and her stomach surge out like a swell;
And the Idle will squander their money, and Industry knows this well;
So I shuck the knife edged oyster and slave in the shrimping stall,
Where the acids corrosive and deadly devour my flesh till I fall.

Now since our Industrial System bows low to cruel
Profit's rule,
I must slave in the cursed sweatshop and cringe to
its godless tool;
I never see school or playground, I'm old when I
ought to be young;
God help the creeds of some churches with their
poisonous blasphemous tongue.

Foul lust is a servant of Mammon, and her altars
must swarm with the gay,
So I carry the message at midnight where vice gorges
whole on her prey;
I have heard the hard laugh of the harlot and the
drunken whimpering sot,
I know the whole book of evil; and I ought to be
home in my cot.

Now this is the cry of warning I raise to a nation
rich,
Why do you kill my childhood and throw me aside
in the ditch?
Is there not wealth abundant? Have you forgotten
the Word of God's son,
When he laid his curse on the churchmen for of-
fending his little one?

THE CAMPS OF KHAKI

I saw the boys in khaki,
As they were marching by,
The army camps of khaki,
Where men are taught to die.
My prayer went up for the khaki
boys,
Who laugh as death comes nigh.

The boys come quick in khaki,
The manly boys and brave,
The peaceful families looked far,
They saw no soldier's grave.
But when the captain called for
men,
The boys came forth to save.

The boys come forth from farm
house,
From college desk, school room,
The crowded streets of city,
They give their manhood's bloom.
They offer up their boyish lives,
They gladly march to doom.

God bless you, boys in khaki,
Who give your lives away;
Who choose the camp and battle,
And leave your work and play.
God give you all a lasting home,
If death the price you pay.

ORIGINS

"Whence came thou, Ever Spanning Space?"
"God needed worlds to see His Face."

"Where wast thou born, All Endless Time?"
"God thought His thoughts in human rhyme."

"Bright Milky Way, who lit thy street?"
"God stirred His sand with His flying feet."

"Who made thee, Wanderer on High?"
"God trailed His star dust through the sky."

"How did you come, High Northern Star?"
"God flashed His eyes on scenes afar."

"Thou ruddy Sun, whence thy far flame?"
"God wrote in space His second name."

"Who made thee, Earth, with law and plan?"
"God made His world to house His man."

"Whence came you, Man, with praying knees?"
"God led me up from slimy seas."

"Whence came thou, Soul, that laughs at death?"
"God gave His life to give me breath."

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL

My heart is stirred deep by the blue billowy sea,
And the long winding river I love;
But the scene that reveals my Heaven to me,
Is the trail to the mountains above.

The heart of a maid is a constant surprise,
Always changing her charms and her love,
But the long mountain trail swinging up to the skies,
Is the glimpse of the country above.

When I feel the tramp blood of my kin roving breed,
And hear the song shout of the sky,
I flee the dust tombs of monotony's creed,
And follow the trail mountain high.

Now the heart of the maid has a thousand fresh views,
Every time she is falling in love;
But the trip up the trail is the spirit's bold cruise,
For it shows us the kingdoms above.

FAITH

I saw my ship in the evening light,
Hoist anchor and cross the bar,
And spreading her sails to the darkening night,
Disappear like a vanishing star.

Faith saw my ship in the distant land,
Drop anchor inside the bar,
And the waiting friends with the outstretched hand,
And the welcome from afar.

I saw my babe in the morning light,
Fade away like an autumn rose,
And smiling at me like an angel bright,
Disappear where the darkness goes.

Faith saw my babe in the Higher Star,
Full grown as the Father's Son,
Oh, Time, speed on till I cross the bar,
To the kingdom my faith has won.

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN

I am the mighty mountain, the shoulders of sea and earth;
From the womb of the fiery furnace I have struggled forth to my birth;
I came to carry earth's burdens, lift up the continents high;
I plant my feet in the fire, yet I keep my eyes on the sky.

I have shouldered the tasks of creation, yet never complained have I,
Though I've gazed on the countless ages, coming forth, then slowly die;
Though I've borne on my shifting shoulders the heaviest tasks of God,
Yet never once have I whimpered from the blows of the cosmic rod.

The fiery blasts of creation have shaken my topmost snow,
I have trembled in tortured silence from the sudden invisible blow,
My valleys of grace and great beauty have been swept by the vomiting flame,
My shore line's been twisted and strangled, I have stood in the wreck and the shame.

The snows of eternal winter have pressed on my weary brow,
The grinding glacier wounds me until low in my grief I bow.

The sweep of the snowy tempests have blinded my watching eyes,
I wanted to sink and crumble; but I kept my eyes on the skies.

The rivers have plunged from their fastness, tore open my bleeding side,
The avalanche sweeping downward has insulted my glory and pride,
The forests have crushed down my shoulders until I was weary with pain,
The boulders have crashed through my gardens till all of their beauty was slain.

I am the mighty mountain, I bear my back to the task,
I carry the burdens of progress, and never once do I ask
Why my shoulders must stagger and falter along the creator's rough road.
—For my back grows broader and stronger till with ease I can carry my load.

So I sing of creation's burdens, to the strength that flows from their weight;
I accept my task from my Master, and I do not call it fate;
My back may bend and tremble, but after I've borne it long,
I straighten my shoulders skyward, my burden has made me strong.

So I sing my song to earth's creatures who struggle
amid the dust,
I point the highway to travel to escape from the
greed and the lust.
"You must bare your back to life's burdens, not
those of the personal need,
But the burdens of lowly brothers, whose backs
are bending and bleed.

"Would you drink at the fountains eternal, share
life with your brother God,"
"Then take up the burdens of labor, and bend your
back to the rod";
"Would you grow to a spirit immortal, surviving
all change and decay?"
"You build it out of the burdens, the trials and
struggles to-day."

"And this is the song I am singing: Oh, mortals, if
ye would be strong,"
"Get under the heaviest burdens, get into the work-
man's throng";
"Heed not the wounds and the bruises, keep your
eyes fixed on the skies";
"Out of the crushings and grindings your soul will
come forth and arise."

THE WINGS OF THE WIND

The deep blue sea where the far winds play,
Sings me a song through my long, long day.

The billows sing why the restless roam,
Tossed about with a dream of home.

The breakers sing of the storm and blast,
Of the summer day that cannot last.

The tempest sings of the stranded ships,
The homeless wrecks with the silent lips.

The sailors sing of the journey far,
Seeking their port by the Northern Star.

The deep blue sea where the far winds play,
Sings me Faith's song, My Perfect Day.

HOME

An ocean swept by storm, seas running mountain high,
With stars unseen, no light on wave or sky.
A vessel plunging headlong through the night,
With shrieking winds, a scene of awe and fright.
A captain on the bridge, with compass and with chart,
With eye upon the needle, a faith within his heart.
A harbor with the waiting friends on shore,
To welcome home the folks with open door.

A homing pigeon loosened in the darkness of the night,
A thousand miles from home, a strange and distant flight.
Without the sun to guide him in the day,
Without the Star at night to point the way,
Without a compass, sextant or a chart,
Without an observation or the seaman's art.
But this aerial sailor with an instinct for his home,
Straightway heads his journey over land and foam.

A soul upon the storm swept sea of life,
With doubts in strong control, faith shaken in the strife,
Creeds wrecked and scattered, theology insane,
Life's contradictions foremost, hopes, fallen, slain.
A heart, homesick and restless, amidst the wreck,
The compass lost, no pilot on the deck,
A home beyond, outside the farthest star;
No time or space can stop that journey far.

THE MUCH ABUSED EDITOR

What a soft, tender soul the editor has,
Such a kindly, fatherly man he must be,
His "regrets" always drip with remorse
and deep woe,
That he must disappoint a great author
like me.

Such an appreciative spirit possesses this
man,
He can recognize merit wherever it be;
For sending my "stuff" for him to peruse,
He's under eternal obligation to me.

I'll never abuse the editor more;
—He's an ill-treated man, the worst that
can be;
For he says he'll be glad to read any
"stuff,"
That comes from an author like me.

WORK

I have never loved the city with its restaurants and food,
For my appetite has always to be nursed;
And when I've searched the menu and have ordered something good,
I really think my stomach must be cursed;
For all the scents and odors that are spreading out through space,
Will focus just above my dinner plate,
And when I've tried to swallow with a somewhat sickly face,
I have to lure my stomach with a bait.

I have coaxed it with some mustard, and I've nursed it with a pickle,
But it never would arouse itself to run;
I have nibbled at an olive when I thought it was too fickle,
But that appetite would never work for fun.
I have tried to swallow lobster, caviar and piquant wines,
And finally a portion of it stayed;
But I've never felt real hunger in the midst where hunger dines,
Though a multitude of tips and checks I've paid.

But I've always loved the forest with the perfume from the trees,
And to swing along the ever-deepening trails;
And when I smell the hemlock like some incense on the breeze,

And the odor of the cedar in the dales,
And the scent of spruce and fir tree and the balsam
from the hills,
That's the time I feel I'm walking on the air;
With my lungs deep breathing nature and my blood
with racing thrills,
Then I know what happy, hungry man will dare.

Then I love to hear the axes and the cross-cut saws
at play,
When the sun is snuffing out his golden lamp;
And to see the hewed log cabins in the clearing plain
as day,
Where the lumbermen have pitched their winter
camp.
For I know there'll be a welcome from my brothers
in the woods,
Who can sympathize with appetite like mine;
And there'll be an invitation to partake of royal
foods,
And I need not search a menu how to dine.

Oh, I love to dine with woodsmen in the midst of
nature's camp,
Where the tablecloth is far from white and neat,
And the atmosphere is heavy with the scent of
smoking lamp,
And the blazing stove is throwing out its heat.
And the table that is loaded with the menu all in
sight,
Is far from any gourmand's dining plan;
But I'm free from hunger bribing and I have the
toiler's right
To satisfy the starving inner man.

How I love the wholesome flavor of the pork and beans and ham,
And the mountain piled up plates of home-made bread,
And the salty pork and doughnuts and the cabbage and the jam,
And the cornbeef and potatoes royal spread.
How my appetite is sprinting like a racehorse on the run,
And I do not have to drive it with a whip,
How I gallop down the homestretch on the leap and full of fun,
And I finish with an easy swinging clip.

When the evening meal is over how I love to close my eyes,
And to listen to the woodsman speak his mind;
For the joy of health and labor in the workshop of the world,
Has broken down the caste of all mankind.
For they talk of God the Workman how he built the worlds on high,
Just to keep his soul from dying in despair,
How He's always toiled and labored making mountains, woods and sky,
And He couldn't cease his working if He dare.

How the Lord of all creation when He left His shop on high,
So all the folks could look Him in the face,
Came not with kingly splendor, but descending from the sky,

With the lowly and the workman took His place.
How the One who made the systems with their everlasting sweep,
And the suns of blue and red that die and rust,
And the ends of all creation where the outer shadows creep,
Was the Carpenter who worked amid the dust.

How He preached a simple gospel and foretold the social health,
That the man who eats must earn his daily bread;
That the castes of social peerage and the parasites of wealth,
Were outlaws to real manhood's royal spread.
That the right for man's existence and his claim on fellow kind,
Was production by the head or heart or hand,
That the workman was the purpose that Jehovah had in mind,
When he spoke his first and last and one command.

That theology and custom and the church who made the creeds,
Has been forcing man how he must worship God,
How he's chanted many anthems and he's counted many beads,
And he's tried to please Jehovah with a nod.
That the last word of religion and the first of worship's birth
Was to be a master workman like the Son;
That the toiler was the image of the God who made the earth,
And the finest piece of workmanship He's done.

Now I'm just a simple scholar and my knowledge is
but bare,
Of the schools that seek to solve our social wrongs,
Where the few control creation and would syndicate
the air,
And the multitudes are brutes in slavish throngs.
But when I hear those workers as they advocate
work's cause,
That the world belongs to him alone who toils,
That they're shaping God's material in accordance
with His plans;
Then I think they ought to share God's spoils.

So I love to think of Heaven as the workshop of the
Lord,
Where every man is working at his trade,
Where he's helping the creator where new worlds
are being floored,
And the joy of serving others is the wages that
he's paid.
And the workman here on earth who is faithful to
his task,
Need not worry what some pious people say,
For the law of compensation will not wear a hiding
mask;
—And without the workmen Heaven wouldn't last
a day.

THREE PICTURES OF MOTHER

I was looking at my mother sitting in her rocking chair,
When the western sun was shining on her face and golden hair,
Her eyes blued deep and tender, and her cheeks glowed like the rose,
While her brow was like the garden where the whitest lily grows.
Her smile was like the rainbow when the hills are bathed in gold,
Her face looked down upon me with her arms outstretched to fold.
And as my mother gathered me into her loving arms,
She was the fairest in the world, the one with greatest charms.

I was looking at her picture hanging on my memory's wall;
Many years had slipped behind me since she heard the Father's call;
Such wondrous face and beauty, such eyes with angel smiles,
Such a radiant glow of beauty like the sun's long afterwhiles,
Her face, her form, her features had a new, more wondrous look,
I was turning leaves of beauty in an old unopened book.
As I gazed through years of parting, through my memory's open door,
I never knew my mother was so beautiful before.

I was looking at my mother through my faith's far
distant eyes;
Saw her serving in her beauty in the glow of God's
sunrise;
Such a being of pure beauty, such celestial eyes of
love,
Outrivalled stars and sunsets, lighted all the hills
above.
Had this Heavenly being while a mortal gave me
birth?
Why are human eyes so blinded that they see but
form and earth;
For my mother who was buried in the dark and
lonesome sod,
Was the fairest in all Heaven, just as fair as Heav-
en's God.

THE LIGHTHOUSES ON THE PACIFIC

I have watched the smoking waters surging up
against your knees,
From the ice floes of Alaska down south to summer
seas,
From every rocky coastline, from every headland
brow,
Your lights are warning sailors to steer the seaward
prow.
When the breezes of the summer steal soft toward
the shore,
When the tempests of the winter tear the ocean to
its floor,
When the rocket's trailing pathway signals life-
guard from the beach,
Your lights are flashing seaward; sometimes your
sirens screech.

The whaler from the Arctic seas three years away
from home,
The old windjammer sailing slow with miners from
far Nome,
The modern greyhound swinging swift from Syd-
ney's tropics far,
The clipper out of fair Bombay, the bark from
Southern Star,
The merchantman with cargo rich deep loaded in
Rangoon,
The swarthy crew of Singapores, skin dried by hot
simoon,
The lumber ship from Puget Sound, the oiler from
the south,

The salmon smack from fishing beds home bound
for Columbia's mouth.
The barkentine from far Hong Kong, and the Yo-
kohama crew,
The transports with the doughboys, and the coolies
from Yoo-Choo,
The tourists of the Northland south bound for Pe-
dro's port,
The man of war, the Coast Guard brig—and ships
of every sort,
Are gladdened by the welcome you call across the
waves,
And they heed the far-flung signal, close here the
breaker laves.
You build the bridges o'er the dark, and lighten seas
afar,
And guide the ships across the night to anchor in
the bar.

I have watched your friendly greetings where Sitka's
Isle is bound,
And where Cape Flattery guards the strait into the
Puget Sound,
Where bold North Head is farthest west on guard
'gainst Columbia's bar,
And farther south where Tillamook lifts high its
rocky star,
And then you light the Golden Gate which opens
Frisco's Bay,
And warn the ships from off the cape, from Mendo-
cino's way,

And when you show San Pedro's door in stormy, blackest night,
You follow down the land-locked coast to San Diego's light.

And so the ships bear cargoes rich from lands in every clime,
And travellers search the hidden ways of lands long lost in time,
And western folks can grasp the hand of Oriental man,
And make the world a neighborhood, God's federated plan;
And sailors coming home again from journeys long and far,
Will follow you through darkest night like the Wisemen and the Star,
And wives with love light in their eyes, and children on the shore,
Will bless the light that showed the way to Heaven's happy door.

THE CRANIAL THESAURUS

The judge asked the witness, "Now where were you hurt?"
And the witness replied in this language so pert:

"I was drummed on the dome," and "rammed on the bean,"
"I was tapped on the conk," and "slammed on my scene,"
"I was biffed on the bealer," and "whiffed on the skull,"
"I was bumped on the coco," and "ripped on my hull."

"I was cracked on the cranium," and "nailed on the nut,"
"I was slugged in the belfry," and "bowled on my hut,"
"I was lammed on my peak," and "knocked on the knob,"
"I was dinged on the brain box," and "pealed on the cob."

The judge roared at the witness, "What's wrong with your head?"
"I WAS HIT ON THE HEAD, YOUR HONOR," he said.

THE SPRINGS OF SWEETNESS

Back in the heart of the Olympics,
Where Nature is wild and supreme,
I had built my camp in the mountains,
On the banks of a plunging stream.
Above me giant towering mountains,
Were challenging adventurers bold,
To climb to their summits of glory,
And conquer their snow and their cold.

Back in the feverish city,
Where sympathy's strangled and cold,
I had broken my body and spirit,
In the struggle for gain and the gold;
My brain was consumed with a fire,
And my mind was beginning to break,
My body was aching with torture,
From the long lonely hours awake.

And so to the mountains I wandered,
In search for the elixir of health,
Where the breezes blow soft through the valleys,
And the rivers flow swift with their wealth.
Where the trees like the towers of legend,
Are bordering the sky line of blue,
Where the stars by their nearness will stab you,
And pierce to your soul through and through.

In the glow of my evening fire,
When the twilight was painting the hills,
When my soul with foul fear was despairing,
And my body was shaking with ills;
Out of the dim misty forest,
And into the light of my camp,
Came forth an Indian weary,
And faint from the trail and the tramp.

I had longed for a voice that was human,
In those hills where the trails were dim,
So I gave him the hand of welcome,
And shared my fire with him.
And his heart was glad from my greeting,
And his eyes were misty like rain,
With a voice that was soft from my kindness,
He told me the cure for my pain.

"Back in the depths of the mountains,
On the side of a snowy slope,
A warm gushing stream springs out of the earth,
And bestowing new health and hope."
"And his tribe for ages and ages
Had brought to that healing spring,
Those who were ill and despondent
And the Spirit had made them sing."

With the morn's early sun I was off on the trail,
And my soul was singing with cheer,
For somewhere beyond in the ever snow hills,
Was the healing from ills and my fear.

And my feet were treading the light mountain air,
When I swung to the valley below,
Where out of the sides of a steep rocky slope,
Sprang a stream in the ice and the snow.

But my heart sank low and my eyes grew dim,
And my soul was swept with despair,
For the odor was foul like the breath of hell,
And that foulness was spreading the air.
It was vomiting forth like a carrion pit,
Like the filth from some city sewer.
And I choked with a breath of that thick putrid air,
So rancid, so sickenish, impure.

"Was there healing and hope in that yellowish stream,
That sickened the air with its stench?"
I had come to drink deep of a sweet flowing stream,
And my thirst in pure water to quench.
Those waters were bitter as wormwood and gall,
"Is there balm in this foul smelling stream?"
One would strangle and choke if he supped but a drop,
" 'Twas a rainbow and vanishing dream."

But under the spell of the mountains strength
And under the lure of hope,
I bent my head to the waters foul,

And drank from that sickenish slope.
My eyes opened wide in a wondrous surprise,
And my hope stood straight on its feet;
I forgot the stench of that sulphurous stream,
For the foul smelling waters were sweet.

Not the sweetness of clover and blossoms in May,
When their honey is luring the bee,
Not the flavor of fruits with the nectar of gods,
That are sweetened by sun and the sea.
But the sweetness of sea sweeping strength to some soul,
As one waits on the shore for its breath,
And conscious of joy in the first touch and draught,
There is balm from despair and from death.

Then deeply I drank from the ill smelling stream,
For my hope was a good fairy's wand,
At whose touch the bitter was changed to the sweet,
When down in the slough of despond.
And my thirst ever grew as I drank full and deep,
And its sweetness increased with the days;
Till the waters I thought that once must be foul,
Had surpassed all the language of praise.

And a rich pleasant taste, and a thirst like the sea,

And a sweetness was filling my mouth,
And my aches and my pains and my ills and fears,
Went sailing straightway to the south.
And my blood which was calmed like a ship on the sea,
And waiting for tide or the breeze,
Was coursing my veins and sailing full speed,
Like the wind through the tops of the trees.

And my eyes which had stared with a dead haunted look,
With a dullness and weary despair,
Shone clear like the depths of a blue mountain lake,
When kissed by the sun and the air.
And my limbs that had dragged like the convict in chains,
On the long lowly trails down below,
Were climbing the mountains and scaling the heights,
And storming the peaks of snow.

And so where the waters streamed bitter and foul,
I discovered life's secret and truth;
There's sweetness and health in the harsh bitter cup,
And the life of eternity's youth.
For the Master drank deep of the cruel cup of woe,
And he drained all the dregs of despair;
But he opened the way to the Father's abode;
And the road is lonely and bare.

FOR FATHER'S BENEFIT

"Say, ma, was there ever any boy who never told a lie"?
"Who always jumped when he was called, and acted spry,"
"Who always had the wood box filled before he went to school,"
"Whom teacher never whipped at all, or stood on dunce's stool?"
"Why, yes, your father was that boy."

"Say, ma, was there ever any boy who'd always wash his face,"
"Who always combed his hair so straight, and put things in their place,"
"Who never ripped his stockings nor tore his Sunday pants,"
"Who liked to go to Sunday School, and church at every chance."
"Why, yes, your father was that boy."

"Say, ma, was there ever any boy who'd rather work than play,"
"Who always smiled when he was told to put his clothes away,"
"Who'd rather wipe the dishes than fish or play baseball,"
"Who'd always stay around the house to answer every call."
"Why, yes, your father was that boy."

"Say, ma, was there ever any boy the preacher's lone example,"
"Whom teacher always pointed out as schoolroom's shining sample,"
"Who never fought with other boys, who always said his prayers,"
"Who crept as quiet as a mouse in going up the stairs."
"Yes, I've heard your father say he was."

"Say, ma, who was the best, the cleanest, tidiest, smartest boy you've known,"
"The kind you read in story book, who die before they're grown."
"So quick to learn, so good to all, so very swift to mind,"
"That the good Lord never made another of his kind."
"You've heard your father say he was."

"Say, ma, I'm sorry that my dad grew up to be a man,"
"For I'm afraid he's gone astray from the good Lord's early plan."
"He ought to have joined the angels before he was grown up,"
"And then he wouldn't have a lad who fights like some bull pup."

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE DREAMED

In the twilight glow on the summer hills,
Where the ghosts of our memories stream,
Sat two old friends on the orchard gate,
And talked of their boyhood's dream.
Since the shadows of age were beginning to fall,
And their dreams had never come true,
They opened their souls to the bygone years,
And told what they'd dreamed to do.

"I dreamed of the wars and the soldier's career,
As he fought his way upward to fame,
As he rode at the head of his legions so bold,
Through his triumphs with standards aflame;
I dreamed of a greater than Caesar of Rome,
And surpassed the renown of Turenne,
My glory outrivalled Napoleon's fixed star,
And I conquered Massena in Spain.
But I never went forth from the farm of my birth,
And I never saw soldier or camp,
And the foes that I fought were far from my dreams,
Those I saw in the pine knot lamp.
My foes were the fires that raged from the hills,
And attacked like fierce Vandals my farm,
I've fought the wild wolves through the long winter's night,
And saved wife and babies from harm.
I've fought the lean locusts that swarmed from the south,
I've fought till I've fallen dead beat.

I've fought all my life for the things I possess,
And I never thought once of defeat.
And so I am glad that I dreamed as a boy
Of the wonderful battles I'd fight,
For it's steeled up my heart in my struggle of life,
In my low humble sphere out of sight."

"I dreamed of the artist and his magic brush,
As he colored God's sunsets of earth,
As he spread on the canvas the portraits of kings,
Or painted the Master at birth;
My pictures would hang on the walls of the rich,
I would marry an heiress of fame;
The crowds of great people would throng the Salon,
And the kings would bow down to my fame.
But I had to leave school just before I was twelve,
When mother was left all alone;
And all that I've painted were far different scenes,
And the settings were all of my own.
I've painted the house and the barn and the fence,
For I thought that one's home should be neat,
And I've burned up the brush that littered the fields,
And planted some trees in the street.
And the woman I married was not of my dreams,
She was far from an heiress of name.
But she and the kiddies, our home in the hills
Makes a picture outlasting all fame.
And so I rejoice as a boy that I dreamed
Of the pictures I'd paint on the sky.
For it's helped me to make of my own little farm,
A picture that gladdens God's eye."

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE AGES

My mind confronts a riddle,
Whenever I take note,
Of the fishing tales of fellows,
When hard luck got their goat.

My sleep's upset by anxious doubt,
Since I have heard the tales,
About the fish that slipped away,
"The fellows big as whales."

I'm in a fearful quandary,
What can a fellow do,
When every friend will swear on oath,
"A monstrous fish slipped through."

Now who can solve my problem,
And grant my lifelong wish,
"Are fishermen all big liars"?
"Or do only liars fish"?

THE SOUL OF THE FOREST

Back in the green clad valleys where the rivers are
shimmering white,
Back to the towering mountains, aglow in the dark-
est night;
Back to the spreading forest lifting their leafage
afar,
Back where deep voices are calling, my spirit ascends
to its star.

There where the golden sunsets splash heaven all
over the sky,
There where the moon in its glory with the silvery
clouds float by,
There where the silence is dragging a man down
hard on his knee,
There where the trails are lonely, the Master is call-
ing to me.

Into my weary spirit will flow the strength of the
hills,
Into my lonely longings will sing the murmuring
rills,
Into my heart, faith broken, will flood a new sane
song,
Into my spirit despondent will crowd the heavenly
throng.

The sweeping strength of the breezes will cool my
desire for sin,
The temple bells of the tree tops will bid me to
enter in,
The deep blue sky above me will woo my doubts
away,
The God tuned voice of Nature will answer my
"Yea and Nay."

Forest trails will lead me to the hills kissed by the
sun,
Forest trails will soothe me when the toilsome day
is done,

Forest trails will guide me to the depths that know
no man,
Forest trails will lead me where I see my soul's
safe plan.

I will look through the tree in the forest at the
stars that blaze so large,
I will watch the moon above me float down to the
ocean's marge,
I will build a golden stairway from the shimmering
moon kissed sea,
I will climb that pathway to Heaven, but now I'm
on my knee.

Found the maker of heaven, found the maker of sea,
Found the maker of spirit, found the maker of me,
Found the maker of yearning, we all go under the
sod,
Found the maker that knows me, I have found my
Father, God.

God knew that I was tempted by the brute without
and within,
God knew that my soul was longing to be free from
my slavish sin,
God knew that my brothers were dragging me
downward into the slime,
God took my will and desire, His redemption is
greater than time.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

Say, pa, I would like to ask you a question plain,
Didn't the stork drop you in Portland, Maine?
Now one more question like that my son,
You'll be off to bed on the double run.

Say, ma, didn't grandma say she was travelling in
Spain,
When the doctor found you on the weathervane?
Who put such a question in your head?
You deserve a whipping, be off to bed.

Say, ma, say, pa, Wasn't I born in Kalamazoo?
Weren't you folks there when I came through?
Say, ma, you may tan my hide with your old leather;
But how did we folks get here together?

THE GOSPEL OF FOOD

Mary and Martha of Bethany town,
Expected the Lord when He came down,
From healing the folks in the market square,
And preaching Good News in the Temple there,
To stay at their house as an honored guest,
To be free from the crowds that thronging, pressed.

Mary and Martha of Bethany town,
Prepared Him a feast and invited folks down,
To dine with their Lord, and list to his talk,
As he spoke about folks from this and that walk,
To hear him tell tales in the parable way,
How the lost could be found in the desert astray.

Mary and Martha of Bethany town,
Were out in the kitchen with anxious frown,
And stewing and baking and roasting the meat,
And preparing the best of good things to eat,
That the Lord and their guests with a joyful heart,
Might taste their skill in the cooking art.

Mary the angel of Bethany town,
Looked at the dishes all cooked and brown;
"Enough is prepared for any sane feast,"
" 'Tis a waste of good food to say in the least,"
"The Master has come not merely to eat,"
"I'll just slip in and sit at his feet."

Martha the cook of Bethany town,
Went into her Lord with an anxious frown;
"Mary my sister has proven a shirk,"
"Now bid her return and finish her work,"
"I wanted my Lord to partake of my best,"
"Now she has gone and insulted our Guest."

Then Jesus the Guest of Bethany town,
Smiled into Martha's angry frown;
"Mary has chosen the part which is best,"
"When she slipped in here to sit with the rest,"
"For only a single dish do we need,"
"And too many foods make the glutton's creed."

Then all the guests of Bethany town
Went forth to their homes with their eyes looking down,
And pondering the Master's message of health,
That folks should dine simple in spite of their wealth.
Thus the gospel of dining, Conserve your Food,
Was preached by our Lord on his errand of Good.

THE SURGEON'S DREAM

By the slowly dying embers of my fireside I thought;
Thinking of the surgeon's science and the wonders
it had wrought,
Hoping that physician's knowledge, and the doctor's
art and skill,
Might eliminate diseases from the human selfish
will.
Suddenly before me strangely all the embers flamed
to light,
And the fireplace was filling with a weird and won-
drous sight;
Then a voice was speaking softly with the wisdom
of the seer,
"Behold the coming science and the skill whose birth
is near."

There appeared a surgeon's study white as lilies in
the bloom,
With a single slab of marble in the middle of the
room;
Standing close in rows around it were some sur-
geons, knife in hand,
Eagerly discussing something, some new knowledge,
vital, grand;
Tenderly caressing fingers o'er strange instruments
and saws,
Joyously anticipating some new truth of nature's
laws.
Then I felt the hovering presence of a great dis-
covery,
And looked for revelations in some soul's anatomy.

Straightway then the door was opened, and a stretcher came on through,
Wheeled by nurses clad in whiteness, with their patient full in view;
"Marvellous," I hoarsely muttered, "Is this prehistoric man,"
"Built on strange and huge proportions with grotesqueness in the plan."
For a monstrous head of matter like a mountain weight of lead,
Represented all his organs; "Was this mountebank all head"?
And I gutturalled while the surgeons laid him on the slab with care,
" 'Tis some plutocrat of fortune, 'tis some multimillionaire."

Suddenly I started forward, for a weird misshapen lump
Projected from the forehead sideways like a dromedary's hump;
And that strange fantastic swelling bulging over his left ear,
Occupied my whole attention; "How could mortal grow so queer"?
For it seemed that all expansion, all extension out through space,
Just had grown in one direction, had located in one place.
Fat and thriving was this hummock like a gourmand, groomed, well fed,
Lean and shrivelled was the balance of this grotesque crumpled head.

Then those surgeons with their scissors, with their lances and trepane
Eagerly prepared to open and investigate this brain.
First, one drilled a tiny puncture through the flinty skull of stone,
Then, one sawed with calm composure clear around the cranial bone.
Anxiously I watched and waited for those surgeons standing there,
When they lifted up the skull cap to reveal the brain all bare.
Swiftly was the cranium lifted, swiftly drawn the leathery skin.
Fascinated, stood I mutely at the scene that lay within.

In my search for human knowledge I had learned this truth sublime;
When the Lord decreed His image, He then fashioned man in time;
Stood him straightway looking skyward, built on top a workman's brain,
Marked it off in true divisions, measured it with chart and chain;
Gave each cell its proper duty, each department work to do;
Each must work in combination, all must help each other through;
Each must not invade its neighbor, must not steal its sacred right;
Each respect divine commandment, each work out its sphere of light.

One department for enjoyment, love for nature's outdoor world,
Fellowship with sky and ocean, brotherhood where stars are swirled,
One division for true worship with the soul's one needful God,
Demonstrating without logic man is more than common clod;
Then a section, spending service, like the Galilean man,
Surest way to find salvation in accordance with His plan;
Then a lower lobe department where the business cell was laid,
Simple in its first great purpose, food and clothing, mutual trade.

Suddenly my mind was lightened, swiftly then my knowledge spread,
Why this strange lobsided swelling seemed to syndicate the head;
As this brain, exposed, uncovered, stared me with a grim grimace,
Then I knew God's law was broken, something strange had taken place;
There was just one cell in action, just a single sphere at work,
This was overgrown and weighty, but it did not stop or shirk;
Scarcely sign of all the others in God's masterpiece, His best;
For that greedy cell of business had devoured all the rest.

Then those surgeons with a calmness, with a confidence of hand,
Cut away that monstrous swelling with their science in command.
There before my startled eyesight, there a miracle was seen;
For the cells that were devoured, that were starving, that were lean,
Grew once more to God's proportions in their rightful chosen place,
And the mark of beast and demon disappeared from off the face.
Shone again the eyes with beauty, of the purged unselfish will,
And the moral revolution had been wrought by human skill.

Suddenly my room was chilly, and the fireplace was dark;
But through my Eastern window a silent golden spark;
Soon it flooded all the hill tops; soon my room was all aglow,
Disappeared the gloom and the darkness, and a whisper came so low:
"You are not an idle dreamer, you have seen the coming skill,"
"When the science of the surgeon should control the spirit's will";
"When the gospel of salvation in the forward march of time,"
"Will be healing selfish bodies bound in ignorance and slime."

THE WHIPPING OF BILLIE O'BURKE

Folks still marvel at the story, that is ancient, quaint
and hoary,
Of King David and the son of ruddy Saul;
And the poets sing of Pythias and Damon to this
day,
And eulogize their friendship first of all:
But through my wanderings here and there, I've
seen nothing to compare,
To the friendship of O'Burke and Tim McCaul.

O'Burke was towering muscle, strong as Samson
in a tussle,
And he'd never turned his back on friend or foe;
McCaul was short and stunted like a school boy
somewhat runted,
But he had the smiling spirit and the mark he'd
always toe.
So McCaul so short and slender formed a friendship
very tender,
For O'Burke the mighty bruiser with the punch
and knock out blow.

Tim's love was like sole leather, wore well in chang-
ing weather,
And he never failed to tag big Bill around;
And when the folks would say, "Have you seen
O'Burke to day"?
They'd always get the same old common sound;
"If you've seen big Bill O'Burke loafing 'round or
at his work"
"You're pretty sure to see his puppy hound."

They were trapping mink and otter on the shores
of Big Lake Potter,
When they heard that gold was struck on far Cape
Nome;
Said O'Burke to Tim McCaul, "Sure we'll go and
make our haul,"
"And when we strike it rich we'll hike for home,"
"For I have a keen desire to be free from work and
hire,"
"I've got the thing all planned up in my dome."

The trail was long and weary stretching over moun-
tains dreary,
And the cold was cutting through them to the bone;
When they made their camp at night underneath the
Arctic light,
O'Burke would shiver, sigh and curse and groan,
"I wish I was in hell tending furnace for a spell,"
"I'd surely stick my shovel through this freezing
deadly zone."

They were staggering down the track when O'Burke
threw down his pack,
And he said, "I guess I'll take a little sleep."
"I'm frozen bone and skin, I guess I'll just cash in,"
"I want to go where fires flame and leap";
"If I have to go to hell for all time or for a spell,"
"I'd rather feed the furnace when my blood is frozen
deep."

So O'Burke lay on the ice, and he murmured, "Oh
how nice,"
"I think I hear the angels coming nigh,"
"I never knew before there was heaven in a snore,"

"I'm soaring up to glory through the sky,"
"Just a solitary wink, please don't ask me now to think,"
"I've reached the happy land of bye and bye."

Now McCaul was no fool guy, when he saw Bill's sleepy eye,
He said, "I guess Bill needs a little inner heat,"
"His fire's rather low, Bill will sure be down below,"
"By the time I thaw his icy frozen feet."
"There must be no delay, it's a waste of time to pray,"
"I'll appeal to Bill's religious, moral seat."

Then he raised his heavy boot, poised and aimed and let her shoot,
And landed hard upon Bill's tender shin;
With an eloquence sublime and with language laid in rhyme,
His burning words would blister any skin:
"You chicken hearted thief, it will be my life long grief,"
"That I ever knew a craven of your kin."

"To think that Bill O'Burke is a coward and a shirk,"
"A quitter and a yellow dog and snake";
"I hang my head in shame that my language lacks the name,"
"To describe a low down reptile of your make,"
"I thought you had red blood, your veins are filled with mud,"
"The devil wouldn't let you near his lake."

But O'Burke was dead to all, and the language of McCaul,
Didn't seem to reach Bill's morals or his pride.
"Bill's just about all in, plain language is too thin,"
"His spirit must be frozen stiff inside,"
"I'll make one more appeal, it's the last one I can deal,"
"I'll have to try persuasion on Bill's hide."

Tim grabbed his raw hide strap, swung it 'round with vicious slap,
"Now, Bill, I hope your little sleep is through,"
"For as sure's your name's O'Burke, I intend to swing and jerk,"
"And lick the very stuffing out of you."
"I really hate to do it but duty calls me to it,"
"If I have to tan your carcass black and blue."

Then McCaul raised on his toe, just to put pep in his blow,
And he landed on Bill's trousers with a crack;
A score or more came fast like the snort of stormy blast,
And Bill began to squirm upon his back.
When he felt a dozen more, O'Burke was mad and sore,
And he started after Tim along the track.

"I'll fill you full of pain, you sawed-off son of Cain,"
"For licking me when I was in the snow,"
"You little dried up toad you will need the funeral ode,"
"I'll pay you back a dozen for each blow."

"You call yourself my friend, yet I felt your blows descend,"
"You have whipped me till my legs will hardly go."

Then McCaul tore down the trail like a convict out of jail,
And O'Burke came thundering after with a yell.
In the distance was a tree; Said McCaul, "'Twas made for me,"
"I guess I'll seek some shelter while I'm well."
As O'Burke came to a stop, these words began to drop,
And he listened like a fellow in a spell.

"You think that I ill-used you and with the strap abused you,"
"When you were feeling sleepy, cold and blue,"
"You'd have frozen stiff to death, the chill was on your breath,"
"Although you thought you'd joined the angel crew."
"You were deaf to moral teaching, couldn't touch you with my preaching,"
"So I did the only other thing I knew."

"Now let me prove to you that my words are straight and true,"
"I can see your blood is heaving like the tide,"
"A little while ago you were freezing in the snow,"
"Now you have a furnace in your hide."
"Why aren't you frozen stiff, buried deep in that snow cliff,"
"My blows have kindled fires hot inside."

Then O'Burke roared out in glee like a man whose
soul is free,
"Come down, you little son of pluck and grit,"
"I want to shake your hand, you child of nerve and
sand,"
"For licking me when I had dropped and quit;"
"You've taught big Bill O'Burke he's a coward and
a shirk,"
"And a whipping has some healing in her kit."

Now my simple story's ended, but there's a moral
to it blended,
And I'll have to tag a sermon to this tale;
"We often drop and quit, throw away our irksome
kit,"
"And leave our hopeless lives on failure's trail;"
"God whips us with misfortune till his pardon we
importune,"
"And we bless him for the stinging, scourging flail."

THE CALL OF THE WESTERN SEAS

The winds are sweeping shoreward from off the western sea,
And their voices loud are calling, "Come back, Come back to me";
For my heart still loves the ocean, and all that I can hear,
Is the whisper of its voices, "Sweetheart, are you near"?
"Can't you hear my tide upon my beach"?
"Can't you hear my saucy sea gulls screech"?
"Can't you hear my billows wooing you"?
"Can't you hear my song up in the blue"?
But I can't hear nothing else but these,
And my heart is choking full for my sweetheart of the seas.

Now the ocean speaks a message, "Don't you still remember me?
When you swam upon my bosom and watched the ships at sea;
When you breasted breaking billows or splashed through flooding tide,
When your heart was in my keeping and you slumbered at my side."
"Can't you see my whale a-spouting on its leap"?
"Can't you see my schooners tacking to the deep"?
"Can't you see my mountains as you look the other way"?
"Can't you see my rivers where the rainbow fishes play"?

And I can't see nothing else before my tear-filled
eyes,
But the heaving, bounding ocean smiling up at sum-
mer skies.

And the scent of western blossoms float out upon
the waves,
Like the perfume of the fairies scattered from the
island caves,
And they fill my homesick spirit like a valley blos-
som blessed,
And I can't smell nothing else but the flowers of the
west.
"Can't you smell my rhododendron off the Puget
Sound"?
"Can't you smell my roses where Columbia's waters
pound"?
"Can't you smell my blossoms where the oranges
play with palm"?
"Can't you smell the fair chrysanthemum, scatter-
ing beauty's alm"?
And I can't smell nothing else but these,
And I'm sailing once again through the perfumes of
my seas.

So I'm going to my ocean, to my mother's waiting
arms,
To its welcome and its vastness, to its mystery and
charms;
Its billows sweeping seaward and kissing unseen
lands,
Will soothe me like a blessing from my mother's
loving hands.

I have always loved the ocean as a symbol of God's
strength,
I have loved it in its tempest, in its sunshine and its
length;
And its distant, far horizon meeting Heaven, God
and sky,
Is the promise of the future when I lay me down to
die.
If you have ever loved the ocean, you have found
the Heart of love,
And you'll sail the seas of glory in the Kingdom
up above.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH OF MY BOYHOOD

The country church of my boyhood; through the years it comes again,
When my mother's hand would lead me down our shady, country lane,
To the little plain frame building with its spire stretching high,
As if reaching for a blessing from the Father in the sky.
The folks were just a country people, struggling hard, of common ranks,
But they remembered all their mercies, never failed to render thanks.
And that simple furnished structure was filled with holy hush,
When the Spirit sent the healing for the cares that bruise and crush.

The preacher of my boyhood; through the years I see his face,
Standing up behind his pulpit, preaching God's eternal grace.
His speech was plain and simple, and his folks could understand,
Of the joys of love and service in the Master's working band.
He could not read the Hebrew, and he never quoted Greek,
He lived his Master's gospel with his people through the week;
And when the Sabbath Day had come he had a fitting text,

And his church was always crowded with the worried and perplexed.

The choir of my boyhood; how they sang the old time praise,
Till they swept you up to glory, and you walked the heavenly ways;
And the anthem, and the chorus, you could understand each word,
For they sang with nature's voices, in the way meant by our Lord;
And when our congregation and our choir sang it out,
The angels up in heaven answered back with mighty shout;
Those grand old hymns just carried one clear up the golden stairs,
And sat you down beside the Throne, and blotted out your cares.

The modern church of my manhood; how I wish that we were back,
To the simple faith of childhood, for our worship's off the track.
I'm tired of that choir with the salaried quartette,
For it cannot lift me higher than the gallery's parquette.
And I'm yearning for the singing with the good old fashioned tune,
That was sung in simple sweetness, and brought the Spirit's boon.
And I'm thinking if our worship would return to simple ways,
That our churches would be crowded, and we'd hear the songs of praise.

THE FABLED FISHERMAN

As I watched from the crags the long sweeping
swells,
Where the ocean was breaking like loud sounding
bells,
And the surf swelled the chasms and deep dwelling
cells,
And was splashing sheer up on the bluff,
I saw through the mists stretching out from North
Cape,
A heaved mass of boulders, outlined as an ape,
And distinct with the form of a fisherman's shape,
Huge, sea worn, rugged and rough.

And it seemed as some Cyclops of time long ago,
Had been casting his line to the ocean below,
And fishing for whales in the tides overflow,
With a rod that was long like a tree.
When some fairies' wand reached out from the land,
And touched him to stone at the word of command,
And alone he had stood through the tide and the
sand,
And had gazed like a guard o'er the sea.

As I pondered the strangeness of this mammoth
form,
And pictured the scenes of the wreck and the storm,
This figure could tell if its lips were but warm,
An Indian dropped at my side.
As he saw I was watching that image in stone—
—That fisherman carved on the rocks' lasting
throne—

He told me the tale that the tribal folk own,
Why this statue of stone guards the tide.

On this shore dwelt his tribe when the world was young,
When each man spoke with a brother's tongue,
And the virtues of others were the songs they sung,
And the law for all was the common good.
Here the salmon swarmed where the tide was deep.
Up the Taho stream where the waters leap,
And schooled and spawned where the shadows creep,
And this was their daily food.

When a chieftain came of wondrous size,
Thinking his strength made him great and wise;
With contempt and a sneer he cast his eyes,
On Nature's old time plan.
Would he spend his strength at a waterfall,
Where the salmon leap at Nature's call,
He would catch those fish from a high sea wall,
Nature would bow to man.

Afar in the forest a fir tree stood,
Lifting its head with its royal hood,
Highest of all as the monarch should,
And its roots sank deep in the sod.
Up from the ground he tore it free,
Stripped down the branches, the bark from the tree,
And shouldered it down to the shore of the sea,
And this was his fishing rod.

In the mountain caves he hunted the bear,
And chased the cougar swift home to its lair,

He counted the victims with thoughtful care,
Till the hides were ninety and nine.
Then he stripped the hides with a skilful hand,
And tanned them strong on the warm sea sand,
Then braided them stout in a single strand,
And this was his fishing line.

Far off in the wilds where might is law,
A grizzly bear in its strength he saw;
So he sharpened the skull and the skeleton jaw,
And this was his fishing hook,
And floating around in a deep sea cave,
Borne in by the tide and the high sea wave,
A huge sea lion here found its grave,
And this was the bait for his hook.

High on the crags on a rough hewn stone,
This fisherman's line to the sea was thrown,
And the waters tossed as when winds are blown,
And the sea was stirred by his bait.
And he spoke with the words of confidence bold,
"My wisdom for ages will now be told,"
"My fame will live till the world is old,"
"Sheer strength has opened the gate."

When the sun went down he was fishing away,
And all through the night and the cold and the spray,
Till the sun came forth at the break of day,
But he fished and he fished in vain.
But his pride was strong in his youthful conceit,
He'd conquer stern nature's cold and heat,
His pride would never confess defeat.
Soon all would follow his train.

This fisherman fished through every day,
Determined to change the tribal way,
Contrary to nature's law and play,
Then nature demanded her own.
The tide splashed on with its ebb and flow,
The rain beat down with the hammer blow,
Nature was working sure and slow,
That fisherman turned to stone.

Ages and ages have passed and flown,
Since the fisherman turned to the statue of stone,
Where he sought for progress in strength alone;
Soon a curse fell on the tribe.
The salmon shunned the river's mouth,
And hunger came with the famine's drouth,
And the tribe was scattered to North and South,
And the spirit refused a bribe.

And I thought when the Indian had finished his tale,
Of innumerable folks who in search for their whale,
Had been turning to stone and were blocking the trail,
And had silently stood for years.
This legend contains some sound common sense,
And history has taught by its saddest events,
That the truth of this tale is plain evidence,
"There is little virtue in tears."

THROUGH THE STORM

Twenty years of silence since I heard my last fond
word,
Deaf to loved ones' voices and the song of stream
and bird.
But last night while the darkness was rocked by
storm's alarm,
I heard my mother calling from the doorway of the
farm.
"O, laddie dear, your mother's calling you,"
"It's nearly time for supper, and you have the
chores to do,"
"Go call the cows, my laddie, it's getting very late,"
"I'll be waiting for you beside the meadow gate."

The weary years just dropped away, again I was a
boy,
And playing in the orchard where the trees bloomed
forth with joy;
It was twilight, and the evening songs were soaring
to the sky,
When the birdlike voice of mother came clear, and
sweet and high;
"Ho, laddie dear, it's bedtime, just about,"
"You've played so hard since supper, you must be
tired out,"
"So hurry up, my laddie, so I can hear your
prayers,"
"I'll be waiting for you at the bottom of the stairs."

And then another scene came clear, the one I can't
forget,
Although 'tis sixty years ago, my cheeks with tears
are wet;
'Tis the bedside of my mother as she said farewell to
me,
And took her lonely journey across the silent sea.
"Now good bye, laddie dear, I'm going home up
yonder,"
"I grieve to leave my laddie here, the lonesome years
to wander,"
"But dry your tears, my laddie, now don't cry any
more,"
"I'll be waiting, watching for you up yonder from
the shore."

Perhaps 'twas mother calling me from out the un-
seen land,
And whispering 'cross the silent sea, "Ho, laddie,
here's my hand."
And so I wait with happiness my heaven's one great
joy,
When mother's voice again shall speak as when I
was a boy;
"Hello, my laddie dear, you haven't changed at all,"
"You look my blessed boy again as when I used to
call,"
"Come, laddie dear, and take my hand, as in our
earthly days,"
"And walk with me through fields, o'er hills, in
woods and God's long ways."

IT TAKES A HEAP OF RUBBIN' TO MAKE IT SHINE

Once I saw a mass of granite, quarried from the solid rock,
A rough hewn slab of marble, just a heavy dull faced block;
Not a sign of beauty in it, ragged, rough, unshapely stone,
Edges sharp, surface broken, with a commonness its own.
Then I saw the master mason peering closely at its face,
Had it hidden lines of beauty? Would it ever temple grace?
Then the master mason whispered, "Beauty lurks in every line,"
"But it'll take a heap of rubbin' to make you shine."

Now life is full of people whose sympathies are blind,
Who are dead to fellow feeling, always doubting human kind;
Never feel a tinge of sorrow when some brother goes astray,
Always hold folks to the letter, always make them pay,
I guess there's human sweetness and there's sympathy inside,
But it takes a heap of sorrow to melt their stubborn pride;

And by the time they're human and have fallen in
God's line,
It took a heap of rubbin' to make them shine.

Now most of folks have wisdom; but they simply
will not learn;
Will not listen to your counsel, your best advice
they'll spurn;
"Go away and mind your business," "Guess I know
the way,"
"If I dance to fiddling music, guess that I can pay."
But they always learn some wisdom through the
hard knocks of the years,
Tumbled into many pitfalls, wiped away the scald-
ing tears,
But by the time they've learned a few things, the
Lord hangs out his sign,
For it took a heap of rubbin' to make them shine.

I've heard folks say an angel lives in their house
of clay,
But their selfish hateful natures drive that smiling
face away.
I hope that folks are better than their house of flesh
and bone,
And every blessed mortal has some beauty of his
own;
I know the Master Mason will have a heavy task,
To make a smiling spirit from our coarse and stony
mask.
And if some folks should get to heaven, and the Lord
should say, "You're mine,"
"It'll take a mighty heap of rubbin' to make them
shine."

PLENTY OF TIME

Farmer Jones strode through his farm,
Where the gate hung loose in his field of corn;
"I'll guess tonight will do no harm,"
"I'll fasten it close in the early morn."
Farmer Jones went home to pray;
But his cows were dead in the corn next day.

Farmer Jones drove out to town,
And found his friend was down and ill;
"I must drop in next time I'm down,"
"And lend a hand to dear old Bill."
Farmer Jones prayed loud that night;
Bill died alone in the early light.

Farmer Jones said to his boy,
"You've never seen a circus clown,"
"To-morrow night you'll have that joy,"
"We'll hitch up Nell and drive to town."
Farmer Jones was sleeping sound,
When the angels came and the lad they found.

Farmer Jones was taking stock;
"I really must insure my life."
"To-morrow morn at ten o'clock,"
"A policy I'll give my wife."
Farmer Jones left earth so swift,
That the mortgage stuck for his wife to lift.

Farmer Jones stopped near the gate,
And watched St. Peter pass folks through;
"I'll just stand here a while and wait,"
"To-morrow morn I guess will do."
Just then St. Peter slammed the door,
"All aboard for the lower floor."

A CONTRAST

As wandering down a winding country lane,
Close by to where the village teacher taught his train;
Two ancient apple trees stood forth in nature's pride,
And something in that scene drew me to turn aside.
They were so much alike, that passing eye
Could scarce distinguish them close by;
Alike in girth and height and shape and size,
Their branches spread the sameness to the skies.
'Twas springtime, and the blossoms royal spread,
Bedecked them both alike, in white and red.
I said, "I will return when summer suns are mute,"
"For these full flowering trees must bear fine flavored fruit."

'Twas autumn, and again along that pleasant lane I came;
I rubbed my startled eyes, were those two trees the same?
Around one tree a scene of desolation spread,
And seemed as if some storm had stripped it, dead;
Upon the grassless ground lay branches, broken, bent,
Dead drifting leaves, and cans with bruise and dent,
And apple cores bleached bare, and dried and withering bones,
Long poles and bottles, slates, old shoes and stones,
The bark had bled from wounds, the boughs were lean and bare,
Above, the branches lay in ruin layer on layer;

While lodging in the limbs, and caught by crooked gad,
Were all the implements of warfare of the lad.
And as I marvelled at the chaos and the ruin all around,
I saw no sign of apple in the tree or on the ground.

Beside this scene of war, in perfect graceful pose,
The other tree, all pleasing to the eye, and gorgeous as the rose.
No spoiler's ruthless hand, no weapon of the foe,
Had left their devastation and their trail of woe;
No army camp's debris, no storm's disastrous wake,
Had littered up the earth, no sign of some earthquake.
The branches, undisturbed, stood still in nature's poise,
And knew that perfect rest which sleep enjoys.
But to my wild surprise each bough was full and deep,
With handsome looking apples, heap on heap.
I clutched with hands of eagerness a hanging bough in reach,
In fancy sipped the queen of taste, the flavor of the peach.
But when my lips drew forth the juice beneath that gorgeous mien,
I learned a lasting lesson from that strange contrasted scene.

The folks whose souls are sweetened by the woes of human kind,
Who are lifting up the fallen, giving sight unto the blind,

Will be wounded, stripped and beaten, thrown aside
and left to bleed,
And they'll understand the feeling when their Lord
was left in need.
But the folks whose souls are bitter with the gall of
self and pride,
Who adorn their outward figure, letting hatred rule
inside,
Will be left to pose in grandeur, with a loftiness
their own,
For the world cannot be blinded by external dress
alone.

SNOW FLOWERS

For many years I had idly thought,
That the only place for the flower plot,
Was where the ground lay warm and soft,
And summer winds waved sun aloft.

One day the mountains called me loud,
To where their summits pierced the cloud,
Where high above the foothills' glow,
Their peaks stood forth in green and snow;

When voice of mountains call to me,
Or high hills whisper, I must flee,
For when those spirits through me steal,
They have a secret to reveal.

I was off in the morn at the sun's first knock,
With my old kit sack and my alpenstock,
And hit the trail with a heart full light,
For I'd sleep on the mountain's breast that night.

I was scaling the brow of Crystal Ridge,
Which narrowed up like a swinging bridge,
When down on the slope of the mountain's rise,
A scene spread forth on my wondering eyes.

A snow bank, long, and deep and wide,
Was covering all that sloping side,
And on that glistening snowy bed,
Great plots of flowers in beauty spread.

I'd heard of Alpine lilies' glow,
Where Switzerland spreads out her snow;
But I had never understood,
How flowers bloomed 'neath winter's hood.

But here where winds of winter blew,
The fairest flowers of nature grew.
Lilies glowed like ivory white,
When alabaster greets moonlight.

The shade of crimson on those snows,
Was deeper than the blood red rose,
The saffron shade and topaz hue,
Was clear like amber through and through.

The lilac's hue and lavender's smile
Outrivalled skies where glories pile,
That burst of color midst snowy rills
Was fairer than the rainbow hills.

And so I saw midst ice and snow,
God's flowers bloom where cold winds blow;
Such shades and colors, Nature's wiles,
Could not be grown where summer smiles.

God's folks thrive best where winter blows,
And hearts grow warm in chilly snows,
The strongest folks in all His world,
Drank in their strength where storms are whirled.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

I've never believed in the fisherman's luck;
Nor the chance of the chase in hunting the duck;
Fish always come to the angler's art,
When he plays the game by head and by heart.

I was casting for trout in the Boulder Creek,
Which tumbles down from an Olympic peak;
When over the ripples a giant trout splashed,
Then into a pool by the boulder dashed.

And there on the pebbles lay so still,
Inviting my challenge to test my skill.
A "Dolly Varden," I cast smooth and spry,
But he wickedly winked his watery eye.

A "Royal Chinook" I hurled for his leap;
But he didn't consider that fare worth a peep;
From the bright "Silversides" to the sombre "Blue-
gill,"
He turned up his nose, and laughed at my skill.

Then I opened my can of fresh salmon eggs,
Shoved two on my hook, and cast for his "Megs,"
But never a rise to that new bill of fare,
The "Rainbow" slept on with a cold icy stare.

Then I grabbed for my bait of canned salmon eggs,
A lure I was told for which any fish begs,
But the sporty old king of that mountain stream,
Would not be coaxed from his sleep and his dream.

I wanted that fish, so I dug for rock worms,
And harpooned them on with their wiggles and squirms;
But I cast, and I played, and I reeled all in vain,
That fellow lay still as though he were slain.

There must be a way to land that old trout;
A fish never swam that you couldn't pull out,
If the right kind of bait was fixed to your hook,
If your patience was steady, if your faith never shook.

On a log at my side was a slimy snail-slug,
With his face twisted up like some ugly pug;
And it flashed on my mind that here was the lure,
That would land the old fellow with ease swift and sure.

The end of my tale may now be told,
I've shortened it up your attention to hold;
A flash of color through the spray,
A speckled beauty brought to bay.

A royal bout by the waters churned,
A life long lesson from it learned;
"There is no luck in your father's name,"
"You'll land your fish if you stay in the game."

THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE

Last night there stole a vision across my restless slumber.
I saw the allied hosts of peace press on in countless number.
They waded deep the human blood that streamed from bleeding France;
Their bodies raised up human walls across the foe's advance.
I saw the fields of gallant France lie shorn like desert blight
The glory of her summer hills was wrapt in starless night;
I heard the wail of widows as they prayed with tearless eyes,
And the cries of little children touched hearts beyond the skies.
Then I heard a voice of thunder and I saw Truth's flaming sword,
And the sky was filled with singing like the coming of our Lord
Victory is coming, Victory is nigh,
Victory is rising upon the morning sky,
The night of man's oppression forever has passed by,
Victory is coming, Truth's sun will soon be high.

Then I saw the hosts of freedom as they streamed from western seas,
Go marching forward with their flags unfurled upon the breeze.

No human foes could stem that march as freedom led
the way,
The armies fierce of hell itself could not its progress
stay.
The sons of freedom woke to song and fought like
hosts of glory,
They wrote upon the fields of France the world's one
deathless story.
Then I heard a mighty tumult of hosannas rising
high,
And a multitude of voices sounded forth along the
sky.
Victory is coming, Victory is nigh,
Victory is rising upon the morning sky,
The night of man's oppression forever has passed by,
Victory is coming, Truth's sun will soon be high.

And then that vision passed away and clear before
my eyes,
I saw again the fields of France bloom fair as glory's
skies.
No fear of rape upon her homes, no foe upon her
plain,
No need of guns upon her hills, no need of soldier
slain;
The smile of peace was on her brow, I heard the
children play,
It was the new born land of France, forever free
to stay.
And then the scene was lifted high, and over all the
world
I saw one flag of brotherhood in sovereign peace un-
furled.

Then my heart was glad with music and my soul
was filled with song,
Our blood stained earth had passed away, it was
God's chosen throng.
Victory is coming, Victory is nigh,
Victory has risen upon the morning sky,
The night of man's oppression forever has passed by,
Victory has come. Truth's sun is midday high.

NOT IN THE BOOK

I was bored to death by the gown groomed god,
Which I heard in the family pew;
And my soul was sore from the parson's rod,
As he whipped his theology through.

I sought for a faith that was free from the Book,
Though the Book be good and wise,
And yearned for the soaring skyward look;
Find God in the stars and skies.

So I left the cradle of custom and church,
Where creed and convention were slaves;
Through valleys and mountains I followed the search,
Till I camped on the glacier waves.

The valleys were filled with a silence and yet God's language was loud;
The message came sweeping from heaven, through systems and stars and the cloud;
The winds sped up with that message, and spoke it soft to my soul,
My spirit knew He was speaking, I knew I was part of His whole.

As the shadows crept forth from the valleys below, and the fire glowed low in my camp,
I lifted my eyes to the summits of stars coming forth with their evening lamp.
The moon like a prince from the Kingdom of Light swept forth to the hills of God
And built a white path from my little camp glow clear up to where sin is outlawed;

Like the spires of God were the snow clad peaks as
they shone in the great white way,
Like the stepping stones across the seas to the king-
dom of endless day.

Far over these heights I roamed my eyes till they
came where the stars sailed high,
And I followed the path of the Milky Way till I
came to the topmost sky;
Above the flare of the last lone star shone the God
with the Father's face;
Who opened His hand from the top of His throne
and scattered the suns through space;
And the infinite space was ablaze with the worlds in
purple and gold and blue;
And a trillion stars in the train of God to the call of
faith marched through.

Then the infinite face of sky and star,
And the hosts of suns flung out afar,
Swept forth on their paths of heavenly light,
And focussed themselves on my human sight,
They swept through my eye, and engraved on my
brain,
A miniature world of that far flung train.

And there on a patch of the human flesh was a fac-
simile of God and His sky,
Where Orian marched, and the North Star glowed,
and the hosts of the Lord passed by.
And then the god of the parson's speech, and the
god of the printed book,
Was lost in the God of the starry sky when my
faith went up to look.

THE HEART OF THE UNIVERSE

Two sweethearts gazed with wonder up into the summer sky,
And watched the stars in the Milky Way shine love in the heavens high;
"I've heard that the stars are numberless," the maiden whispered low,
"Yet where is the heart of all these worlds? Who makes the heavens glow?"
The youth replied with starlit eyes as he drew his sweetheart near,
"Why, haven't you heard, my darling, that the heart of the worlds is here."

"The heart of all the universe lies in your eyes deep blue,"
"Its law of gravitation is your heart that beats so true";
"Your golden locks are comets that stream the starry sky,"
"The rays from all the starlit worlds center in your eye."

Their universe has larger grown; thus dearer drawn love's ties,
Because they saw the whole wide world shine in each other's eyes;
The folks and the worlds are numberless, but God has eternal love,
Which makes for every man and lass their universe above.

And this big world will always give love's best and dearest prize
To youths and lassies, sweethearts true, whose worlds shine in their eyes.
The center of the universe swings 'round the human heart;
No need of telescope or brain to scan high heaven's chart;
When folks have found their greatest joy in giving out their love,
They've found the heart of everything, God, earth, and life above.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Suppose all fish that nibbled bait,
Were landed at our feet;
Suppose they swarmed in columns eight,
Right past our grassy seat;
Then Izaak's art would lose its bliss,
For the fishing sport is catch and miss.

The mountain streams we wade all day,
The trout will never rise;
We cast and reel where eddies play,
Our patience never dies;
The angler's sport is tang with spice,
Because uncertain like the dice.

Suppose all birds that crossed our track,
Should tumble at our pull;

Suppose our gun should always crack,
Our game bag always full;
Then Nimrod's chase would grow dead stale,
For the huntsman's sport is hit and fail.

And so we tramp the forest trail,
Without a shot in sight;
We climb steep mountains, plunge the dale,
Until the darkening night;
Then homeward wend with game bag poor,
For the chase is ofttimes just a lure.

Suppose we always found our quest,
And never met defeat,
Then life would be a dreary guest,
Without a joy to greet;
God tempers souls with failures, strife;
This is the zest, the spice of life.

HE THAT MAKETH GOD A LIAR

The coffin lay buried in flowers
The baby was shrouded in bowers,
The mourners sad-hearted,
From little one parted,
Were wailing their grief through the hours.

The parson on meekness was teaching,
On the mysteries of God he was preaching;

"We must bow to His will,"
"In His judgments be still,"
"As we stand in His wisdom far-reaching."

A nurse in the home was commenting,
Her faith and her reason assenting;
"He makes God a lie,"
"This babe did not die,"
She was murdered by System consenting.

The cathedral was wailing and weeping,
As the bier up the aisle moved so creeping;
A man of great name,
Of illustrious fame,
Had died while his wassails were keeping.

The bishop in mitre and robe,
Was expounding the logic of Job.
"Dark mystery surrounds us,"
"God's will oft confounds us,"
"Our brother is called from his globe."

A doctor was hearing the discoursing,
Knowing much about evil concoursing.
"He makes God a fool"
"To theology's tool."
"This is Nature her laws enforcing."

HAVENS

Like a ship on the sea that through billows must sail,
Where the waves run in mountains and fierce is the gale,
And far is the haven, and dim is the light,
And the eye cannot see through the gloom of the night.

So the soul o'er the sea of life's tempest must sail,
Where the faith is sea-tossed and the fondest hopes fail,
And the sorrows roll high in their furious sweep,
And the soul seems to sink to the wrecks in the deep.

Like a ship on the sea sailing out from the storm,
From the stress of the gales and the night's ghastly form,
And downing the sails in the deep quiet bay,
Where she floats in the sun and the calm of the day.

Like a ship on the sea that has breasted the gale,
And dropping her anchor and furling her sail;
So our hopes shall sail in to the Harbor of Life;
Our Faith and the Pilot has weathered the strife.

THE FOLKS AT HOME

When through some lonely city street,
For months and years we've gone our way,
When some remembered face we greet;
"How are the folks at home?" we say.

"How are the folks?" our eager cry;
"The folks are well, they speak of you,"
"With thoughtful care, with softening eye,"
"They send their love, they miss you too."

We go our way in the crowding throng,
Our hearts are light with gladsome glee,
Our steps are dancing to the song,
"The Folks at Home Remember Me."